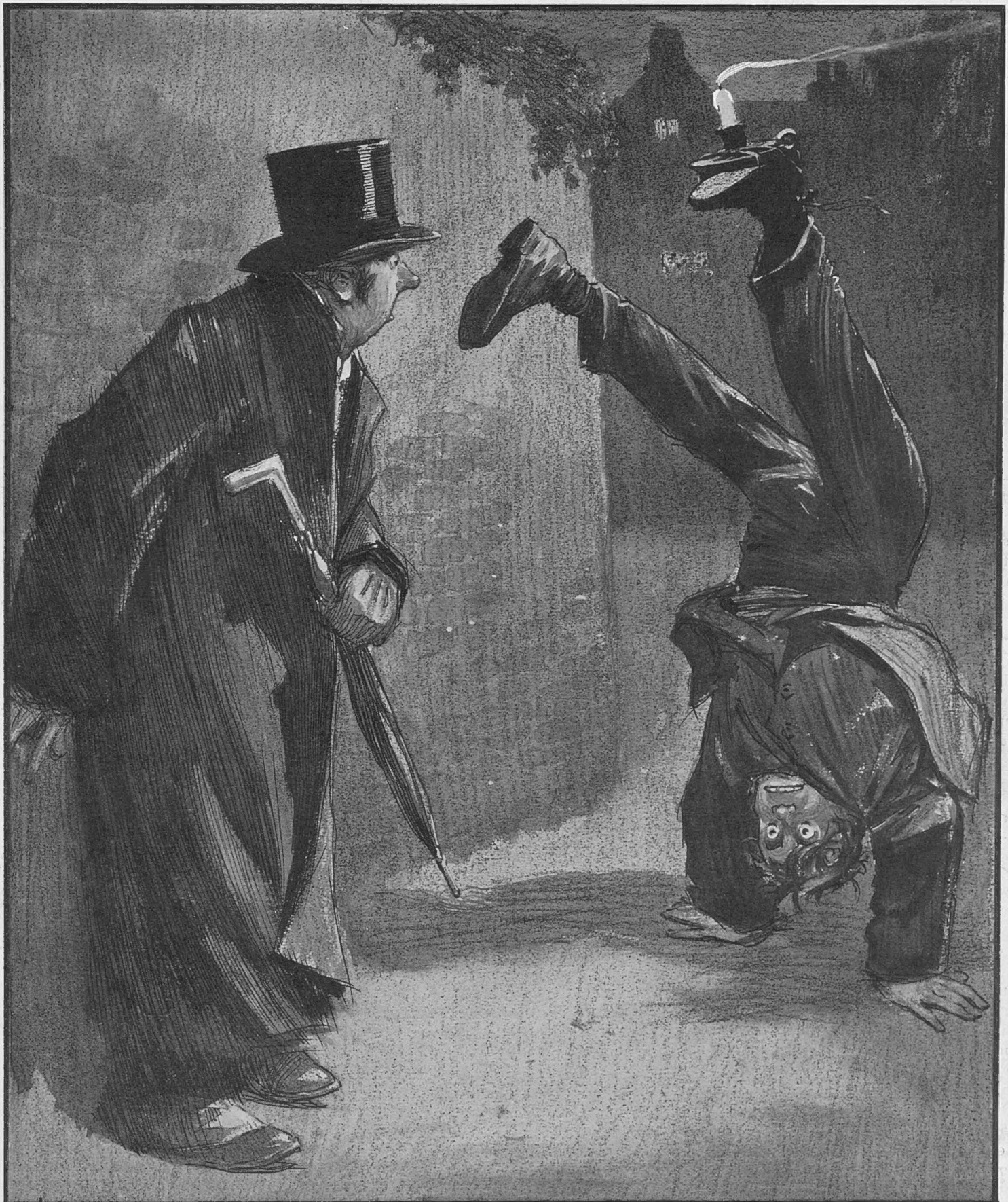


The Sketch

No. 678.—Vol. LIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



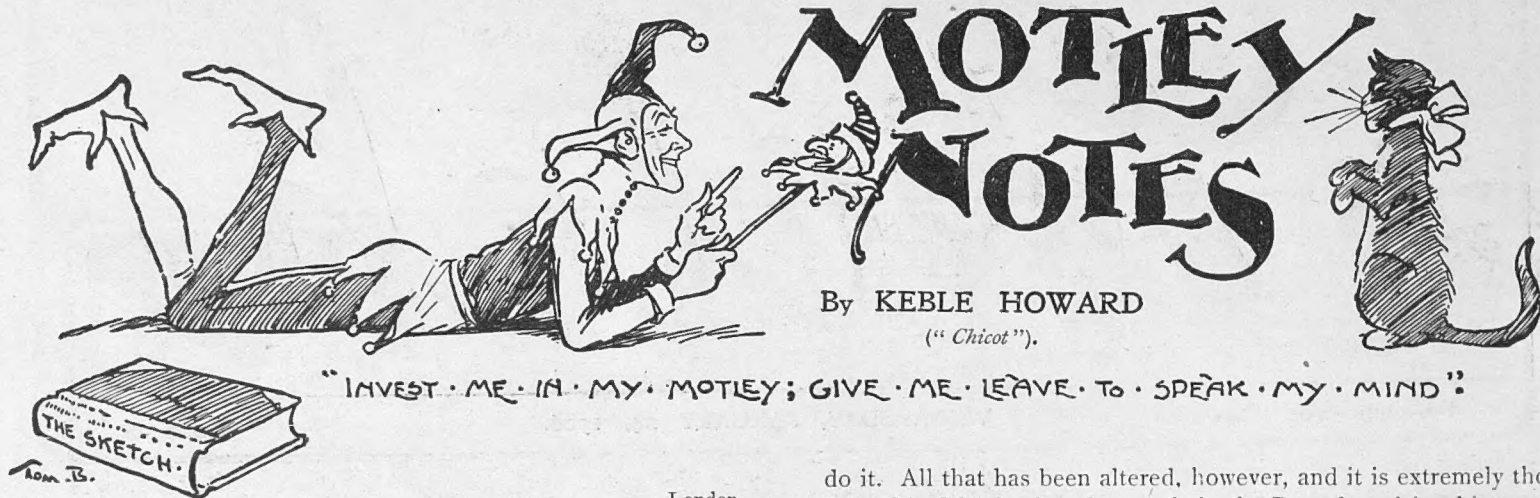
[DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.]

“DASH DOTTINESS”: A LAMENTABLE GENERAL ELECTION RESULT.

THE LUNATIC (*who owes his mental state to overmuch gazing at Election searchlights*): I say, can you read the Morse code?

THE PASSER-BY: I—I’m afraid not. Why?

THE LUNATIC: Oh, I’m one of the Election searchlights, and I thought I might interest you.



SPECIAL NOTE: There is nothing on this page about the General Election.

I AM sorry to see that my dear old friend "Daddy"—alias "The Erratic Horse," alias "The Box of Tricks"—has been going a little too far. I have often and often driven behind "Daddy," and it is perfectly true, as Mr. Frederick Williams, cabman, stated before Mr. Horace Smith at the Westminster Police Court on Thursday last, that "Daddy" has a strong objection to being driven through the West End of London late at night. As a matter of fact—and here is a thing that is not commonly known—all London cab-horses have a strong objection to being driven through the West End of London late at night. "Daddy" is no exception on that point. The difference between him and the others merely lies in his manner of expressing that objection. If you observe the ordinary cab-horse going through Piccadilly at two o'clock in the morning, you will notice that he hangs his head, pouts, and keeps muttering to himself all sorts of nasty things about the driver, the fare, and the world in general. Not so old "Daddy." He has a far more effective way of dealing with the grievance. He knows very well, the old sinner, that when a policeman sees a hansom swaying all over the road at two in the morning, he takes the number of the driver and brings him up before the magistrate in the morning. Here, then, is "Daddy's" chance. He will deliberately caper from side to side in such a way as to make it appear that the driver is the worse for drink.

All this, I suppose, sounds to you improbable. Listen, then, to the story of Mr. Frederick Williams. "This horse," Mr. Williams told the magistrate, "is known all over London as 'The Erratic Horse.' Even the Embankment isn't wide enough for him." Listen, again, to the evidence of Mr. Walter Kendal, who appeared as a witness. "I have had considerable experience of this horse," said Mr. Kendal, "having had to drive it for some weeks before Christmas. The beast has a rooted objection to the West End late at night, and at Kensington, Fulham, or Chelsea it's really impossible to drive him. They call him 'The Box o' Tricks.' If I was driving him, and got a night job anywhere in the West End, I should be quite surprised if the fare didn't call a constable and give me into custody. It is the 'Daddy' of the cab trade." There! That is evidence given on oath, and I hope now that you will believe my earlier statements. I am sorry, of course, that Mr. Williams had to pay twenty shillings, but I cannot help congratulating my old friend "Daddy" on his success. I don't expect to see him about the West End late at night for some time to come.

I am quite aware that I have no right, in this place, to discuss matters theatrical. Once in a way, though, I cannot help saying a word or two on a subject that interests me very greatly, and this week—indeed, this very day—there is a topic about which I must speak my mind or perish. To-night, at Terry's Theatre, Mr. James Welch produces a new play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. You know that, for you have read about it a long time ago in "Heard in the Green Room." It may have escaped your attention, though, that, on the first night only, Mr. James Welch intends to raise his curtain at seven o'clock. Why? In order that the representatives of the various newspapers may have time to write their reports without being compelled to slur the critical remarks, get into a knot with the plot, and omit the names of some of the minor players who really deserve mention. This question of first-night criticism has been going on for years, but now, owing to increased circulations and increased competition, the morning papers go to press much earlier, and the matter has thus become the more urgent. It was very well ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago for the man who could write until two in the morning to turn out a finished, carefully considered criticism. Anybody could

do it. All that has been altered, however, and it is extremely thoughtful of Mr. Welch, therefore, to help the Press by raising his curtain an hour earlier than usual.

There are those, of course, who object to the innovation, just as there are people who object to any innovation. They say, "Well, but what about our dinner? What about other people's dinner? The end of it will be that the stalls and dress-circle will arrive later than ever." That remains to be proved. Personally, I believe that the majority of those who attend a London first night are so keen that they would come at six rather than miss the beginning of the play. Those are the real playgoers. The people who come late to the theatre, trample on one's toes, interrupt the performance, quarrel with the attendants because they are unable to find their seats, and all that sort of thing, are not playgoers worthy of the name. They are merely brainless, selfish snobs, who come to be seen, to display their dresses, and, if possible, get their silly names printed in the papers. We should all be happier, including the author, the players, and the management, if they would stay away. Let Mr. Welch, then, be of good cheer, for he is doing, I think, the right thing. By the way, the objectors also assert that it would be easy enough for the representatives of the Press to attend the dress rehearsals and write the greater part of their articles from those. Putting aside the fact that there are sometimes five first nights in a week, don't these dear ones know that any show is always seen at its worst at the dress rehearsal? (Now I feel better.)

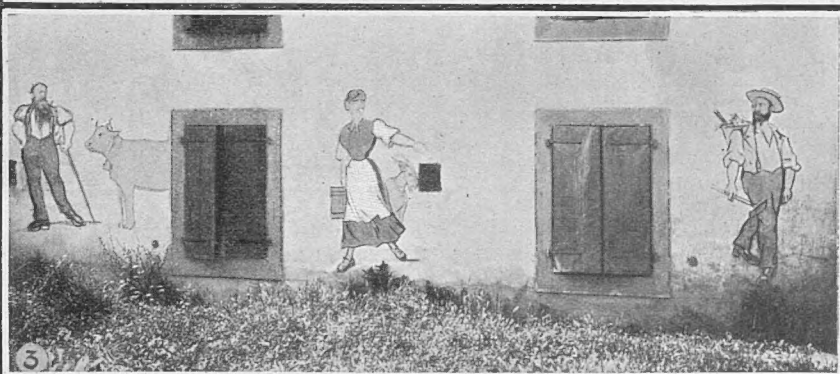
Several London readers have written to thank me for my explanation with regard to the motor-omnibus, and are good enough to declare that I have thereby saved them much loss of time and temper. For the future they will be content with the ordinary horse-vehicle, and leave the motor-bus to the driver, the conductor, and their personal friends. One gentleman tells me that, being of a very obstinate disposition, he once chased a motor-omnibus in a hansom, and gave the driver instructions to catch up with it at all costs. After dashing along at a furious speed for some three or four miles, cabby, an enterprising fellow, endeavoured to cut off the Leviathan by nipping down a side street. When they came out into the main thoroughfare, however, the motor-bus was nowhere to be seen. Subsequent investigation showed that the driver, taking advantage of the fine afternoon, had suddenly switched off in the direction of Hampstead Heath.

I wonder how it comes about that, in print, the female sex is always at war against itself. I have before me extracts from two well-known ladies' journals. The first declares that the glamour of femininity has departed because girls will "rush about muddy fields in flat-soled shoes and thickly gaitered ankles." (There is a preposition missing, but I am not to be held responsible for that.) The other extract says that "the average Englishwoman is somewhat uninteresting. She gives the impression of one who does not think sufficiently for herself, and places man on a pedestal on which he finds it difficult to keep his footing without toppling over." Now, you know, if I were a woman, I should have several excellent replies to these horrid accusations. To the first I should retort that my fond heart, if he objects to flat-soled shoes and gaitered ankles, need not come within a mile of the hockey-ground. He can wait until I am dressed for dinner, or he can take me to church in shoes with fearfully high heels, or he can cycle with me. As for the hockey, I don't intend to give it up, because I consider that flat-soled shoes for an hour or so twice a week are preferable to a bad complexion all the year round. Then, flushed with victory, I should turn on the other writer, and inquire, sweetly, how it would be possible for a man to keep his footing and topple over at the same time.

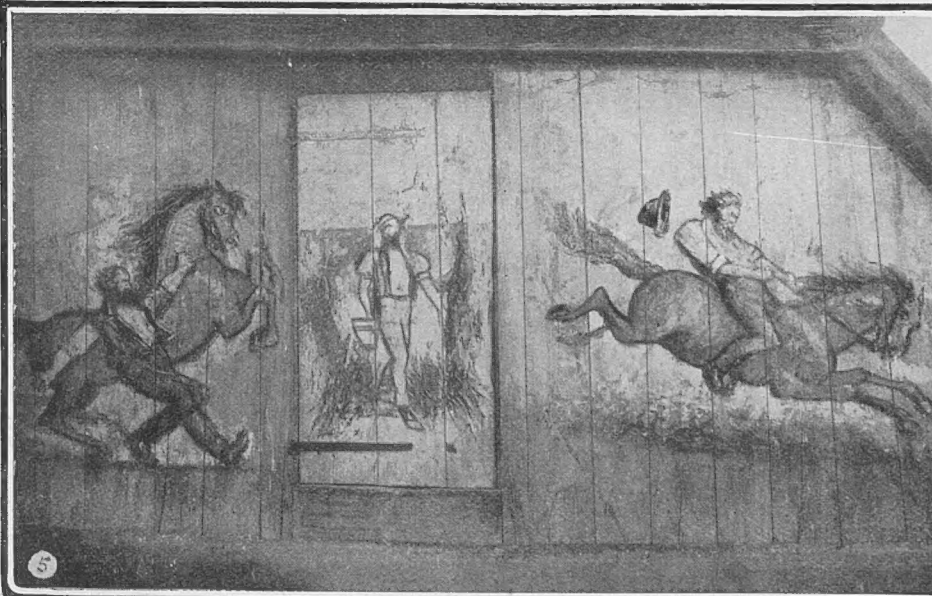
However, as I am not a woman, I may as well keep quiet.

THE PAINTED VILLAGE OF ST. LEGIER.

ST. LEGIER, situated among the hills and mountains near Vevey, is noted not only by reason of the vineyards in its neighbourhood, but for the fact that many of its houses bear on their outer walls paintings interesting and unique. It is consequently an object of curiosity to many a traveller, and its long main street, an open-air picture gallery, is a recognised "sight." Many of the pictures on the gates and doors of the houses were painted years ago—so long ago,



indeed, that had it not been for the patriotism of a "son of the village," who restored them, they would have perished under the stress of weather by this time. The artist, whose name is Beguin, was once well known in Paris, but, having to leave the "City of Light" for the benefit of his health, he returned to his native village; there, as we have indicated, to occupy much of his leisure in restoring the paintings for which it is famous. It was M. Beguin's custom to paint his pictures on gates and doors, but it was not long before he made the unpleasant discovery that certain enterprising villagers, more enamoured of gold than of art, found it pay them to remove these and sell them to collectors of curios, whose conscience did not prick them as to the feelings of the artist. As a result he now does his work on the walls themselves: in time the walls must perish, but at least they are a safer "canvas" than that previously used.



1. A PAINTED STABLE-WALL AND DOOR; ON THE RIGHT A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST.
2. A STREET IN THE VILLAGE OF ST. LEGIER.
3. PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE VILLAGERS.
4. A DECORATED YARD-WALL.
5. PAINTINGS ON A BARN.

A PICTURE GALLERY IN THE STREETS.

Photographs supplied by Bolaks.

THE CLUBMAN.

Changes at "the Most Comfortable Club"—The Duchess of Connaught's Jewels—President Castro's Latest Joke—A Crinoline Ball.

ALREADY speculation is rife as to the effect the great change in the membership of the most comfortable Club in London will have on the life in that Club. The scale of comfort in Clubs must have changed greatly since the historic *mot* was spoken, for the House dining-rooms and smoking-rooms and library are not nearly as comfortable as those of any first-rate Club, and, except perhaps in their fine panelling, resemble the rooms of a good mechanics' institute rather than those of any of the palaces of Pall Mall. As for the cuisine, the plain cooking at the Commons is excellent, and nowhere is a chop or a steak better grilled; but the more ambitious efforts of the *chef* are not always to be highly commended.

It is a compliment to be asked to dine at the House, and I have rarely been entertained there without meeting fellow-guests interesting and entertaining enough to make one oblivious as to whether the cookery is up to Carlton form or not. There is no lady who is not delighted to be invited to take tea on the Terrace; the surroundings are new, the company excellent, and yet on a sunshiny afternoon in mid-season the scramble for tables and the rush for plates of strawberries, the flitting here and there of harassed waitresses are hardly in keeping with the ponderous dignity of the Legislature.

Man, whether he be Radical or Unionist, must dine, and even if he be a Labour member, he must hunger for his "meat tea"; and the wives and sisters, the cousins and aunts of members will insist on being entertained on the terrace so long as the Palace of Westminster stands by the riverside. Therefore the dinner and tea will remain as they have been. Whether the comfortable interval which gives an M.P. time to change into evening clothes if he wishes, and to dine in his pet Club in Piccadilly or Pall Mall will be continued is quite another matter. Times and sessions at the house of the National Assembly have hitherto been arranged on the assumption that the majority of the members are country gentlemen, with the occupations and the leisure of their class. Whether a House composed chiefly of professional men will regard hunting and shooting as sacred things, and whether the members will have a salutary regard for their digestions remain to be seen; but I fancy that an Autumn Session is likely to take the place of the sittings held in the dog-days, and very possibly the Commons will assemble at an hour when professional men can attend, and the adjournment for dinner may be curtailed.

South Africa has gained the name of being the dumping-ground for wastrels, and it is also, so one of the best of our latter-day

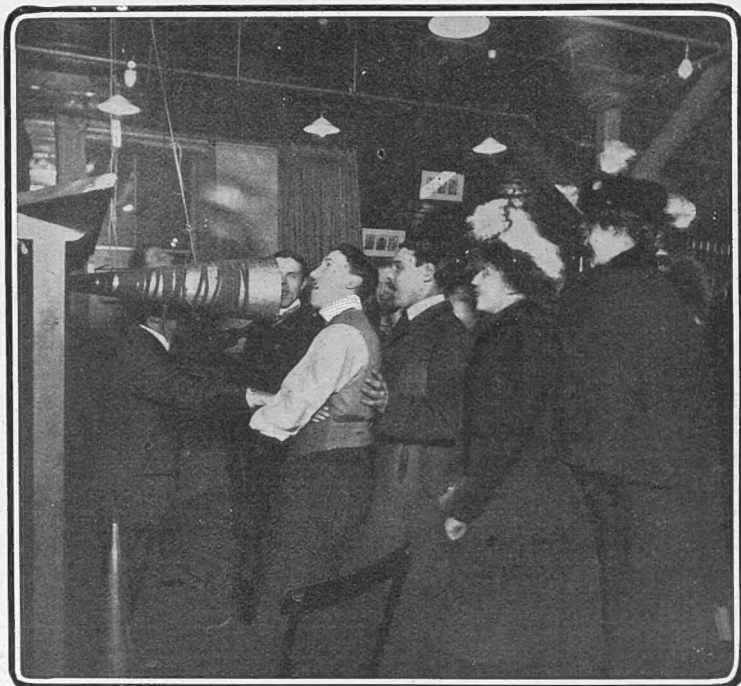
detectives has told me, a home-of-rest for distinguished jewel-thieves. I was present at an interview between a lady who had been the victim of a clever thief, and had been robbed of some beautiful gems, and the distinguished detective. The conversation much resembled that by which a doctor diagnoses a case. He asked the lady a large number of questions which apparently had no bearing on the case, and eventually showed her a book of photographs, asking her if she had seen any of the originals. She found one familiar face, and then was told that her jewels had been stolen by a man who had access to good society, and that he had taken them to South Africa, for he could dispose of them more easily there than on the Continent.

All the comfort that the detective could give the lady was that the thief would never be able to return to England again; the jewels had to be given up as lost. I asked some questions and was told that South Africa, and Johannesburg in particular, were places of comparative safety for light-fingered gentlemen who operated on a large enough scale, that they were all well known to the police out there, but that the distance from England and the difficulty of proving anything definite against them were their protection. When I read that some of the Duchess of Connaught's jewels had been stolen I wondered whether any of the undesirable exiles from England had been keeping their hands in.

President Castro of Venezuela provides the world with an endless supply of plots for Palais Royal farces and comic operas. His latest effort is distinctly amusing, though the French Government has taken it very seriously and handed the Venezuelan representative in Paris his passports, with a request that his departure should be a swift

one. To wait until the French Chargé d'Affaires at Caracas had gone on board a passenger steamer to pay a call, and then to refuse to allow him to land again because he had not obtained the necessary boarding order was as impish an act of annoyance as the mind of man could conceive. The scene on board the *Martinique* must have been a curious one. The captain and the passengers were, of course, anxious to continue their voyage; but there, in their midst, was the official representative of France in Venezuela, whom they could not carry off with them and who could not land. The politeness on both sides must have been just a little forced.

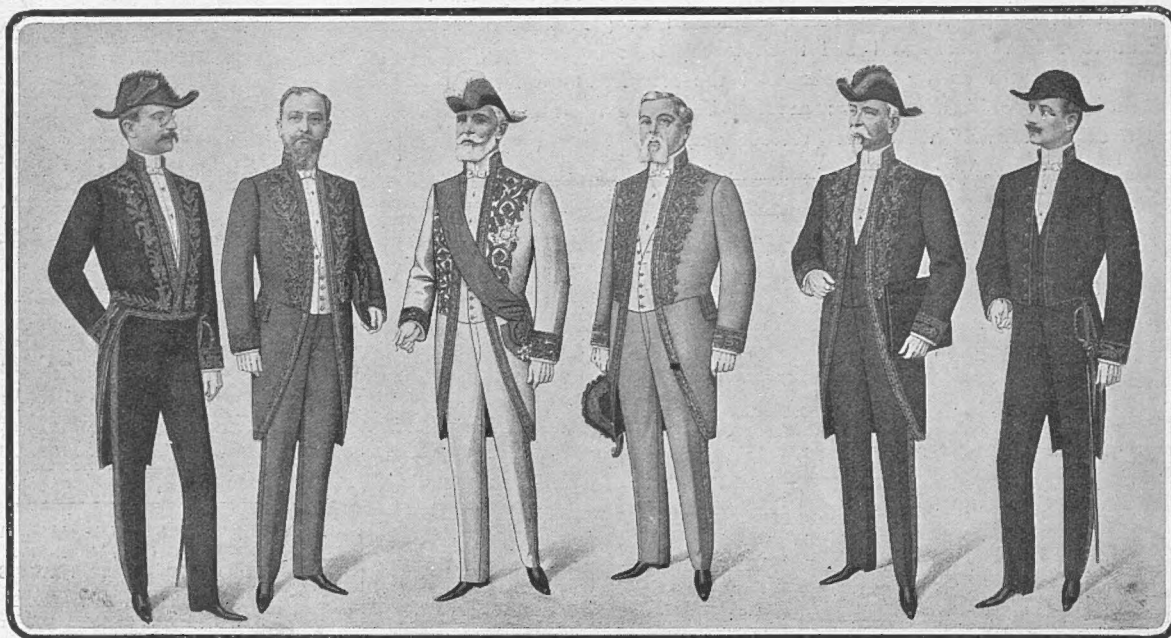
Society, when it requires something different from the *bal-de-têtes* or the *bal-poudre* might take example from the ball which has been held at the Astor House, in New York. The children and grandchildren of the people who, between 1840 and 1860, made the "Assemblies" the most fashionable gatherings in New York have reproduced one of those historic gatherings, the ladies all being in crinolines, the gentlemen in the dress of the dandies of those days. A crinoline ball would be amusing, especially if the jumpy little German waltz-step which the Prince Consort brought into favour were danced.



REGISTERING THE CRIES OF THE "ROMAN" PEOPLE ON A GRAMOPHONE; TAKING RECORDS FOR THE "CRIES WITHOUT" IN "NERO," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Mr. Tree has decided to dispense with the customary super for "Cries Without" in his production of "Nero," and to use the gramophone in his place. The effect gained is said to be excellent.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



Minister (Black and Gold), President of the Chamber (Red and Gold), President of the Republic (White and Gold), President of the Senate (Blue and Gold), President of the Council (Black and Gold), Senator or Deputy (Black and Gold).

THE GOVERNORS OF FRANCE AS THE MASTER TAILORS OF PARIS WOULD SEE THEM: PROPOSED UNIFORMS FOR THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AND FRENCH MINISTERS, SENATORS, AND DEPUTIES.

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CÉLESTE IN PENSIVE MOOD.



MISS FLORENCE WARDE AS CÉLESTE, A GRISETTE, IN "THE SPRING CHICKEN," AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by the Play Pictorial Company.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. TREE.

TO-MORROW (THURSDAY), Jan. 25, at 8
(And EVERY EVENING),
NERO.By Stephen Phillips.
FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY, Jan. 27.
And every following WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.**GARRICK.**—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. Every Evening at 8.30, in *BROTHER OFFICERS*, by Leo Trevor. MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.**CRITERION THEATRE, W.**—Sole Lessee, Sir Charles Wyndham. Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. *THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM*. By Leedham Bantock and Arthur Anderson. Music by Howard Talbot.**IMPERIAL THEATRE.**

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EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, a Masquerade in Four Acts by Rudolph Lothar, adapted by Louis N. Parker and Selwyn Brinton, entitled

THE HARLEQUIN KING.MR. LEWIS WALLER. MISS EVELYN MILLARD.
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MISS MADGE TEMPLE, &c.
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SIXTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, Jan. 27, at 3 o'clock.

Tickets 6s. (to admit four, 21s.), 3s., 2s., and 1s., of

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By Dr. YORKE-DAVIES.

Illustrates the dangers of Obesity, viz., Weak Heart, Breathlessness, Congestive Diseases, &c., the Evils of Quackery, Purgatives, and Drugs, and that the Permanent Cure of Obesity is a matter of Diet alone.

OPINION OF THE PRESS.

THE QUEEN says—"The advice contained in this book will be invaluable."

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Or from any Bookseller.**TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.***The Title-page and Index of Volume Fifty-two (from Oct. 18, 1905, to Jan. 10, 1906) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.***SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."***Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.**Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.*"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.**GENERAL NOTES.***New Postage
Stamps.*

With the new year, Italy has adopted a new series of postage stamps, which, like the recent issue of Japanese stamps, do not bear the head of the Sovereign, but historical, geographical, and even scientific engravings. Thus among the views which ornament the new stamps will be found the Coliseum, one of the newest battle-ships, wireless telegraphy, and Vesuvius.

*The Author of
"The Partickler
Pet."*

It is a long time since a practically untried author has been so successful in disposing of his plays as Mr. Edward Knoblauch has been. In addition to "The Partickler Pet," the adaptation from the French which is being done at the Waldorf, Mr. H. B. Irving has bought a four-act costume comedy called "The Loyal Rebel," and Miss Lena Ashwell has secured an at present unnamed strong emotional play in three acts, which, in accordance with what is fast becoming a fashion, contains only six characters. When a new writer comes to the front in his way people are so constantly heard to say, "How extraordinarily lucky he is" that it is worth while emphasizing the fact that luck has been no factor in Mr. Knoblauch's career. An American by birth and a graduate of Harvard University, he came to England ten years ago, and has since then devoted himself entirely to play-writing. The better to achieve his object, he went to Paris for a year to study the work of the French dramatists, and he even went on the stage, undergoing the drudgery of playing unimportant parts in the provinces with two or three well-known London actors so as to get a greater insight into technique. It is Mr. Knoblauch's pertinacity of purpose, therefore, which demands recognition, not his luck.

*A Notable Servant
of the State.*

Keeper of many State secrets is Mr. Edward Stanley Hope, C.B., Registrar of the Privy Council, and member of a famous family. Fourth son of the late Mr. George William Hope, M.P. for Windsor, and of the Hon. Caroline Georgina Montagu, daughter and co-heiress of the second Lord Montagu of Boughton, he married, a quarter of a century ago, Constance Christina, daughter of Sir John Leslie, Bart., and is the father of the charming Lady Kerry, daughter-in-law of Lord Lansdowne, as to whose family history we regret that, in the hurry of events, we were recently in error. Mr. Hope's mother was a granddaughter of the famous Lord Douglas, who successfully contested the great Douglas Cause. His only daughter and heiress married the younger brother of the fourth Duke of Buccleuch, who was created Lord Montagu of Boughton, the friend of Scott, with whose family the Hopes became connected by the marriage of Mr. Edward Stanley Hope's uncle to the granddaughter of the novelist. The present head of the Hopes of Luffness is Mr. Henry Walter Hope, Lady Kerry's uncle, who, twenty years ago, married Lady Mary Catherine Constance Primrose, sister of the present Earl of Rosebery. The Hopes are among the most interesting and distinguished of our old families, and Lady Kerry has every reason to be proud of her lineage.

SIX WOMEN.

By VICTORIA CROSS. 6s.

[Just out.]

THE BEAUTY SHOP.

By the Author of "Tangled Trinities." 6s.

WERNER LAURIE, Clifford's Inn, E.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.SISLEY'S LTD. (THE LITERARY PRESS.)
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The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. William Blake. 6d.
Lyrics of the Restoration. Selected and Edited by J. and C. Masefield. 3s. 6d.
Mastersingers. Filson Young. 5s.A. MORING.
The Queen's Calendar. 5s.
Early Lives of Charlemagne. Edited by Prof. A. J. Grant. 1s. 6d.METHUEN.
The Ancient Landmark. Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. 6s.CHATTO AND WINDUS.
Hugo. Arnold Bennett. 6s.T. WERNER LAURIE.
The Beauty Shop. Daniel Woodroffe. 6s.A. CONSTABLE.
A Mountain Europa. John Fox, Jr. 3s. 6d.**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.**INLAND. ABROAD.
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of Wales His Majesty often enjoyed excellent sport in what has been described as the best sporting estate within easy reach of town.

Royalty and the Elections.

The position of Royal personages during the progress of a General Election is a very peculiar one. Every human being in their immediate entourage may be talking and thinking of nothing else, but those of the highest caste are precluded by the strictest unwritten law from saying a single word which might indicate on which side lay their personal sympathies. The story goes that on one occasion it came to Queen Victoria's ears that a very minor and a very youthful Royal lady had expressed sorrow that she could not go a-canvassing with one of her young friends who was a Primrose dame. The late Sovereign sent for the offender and administered a severe rebuke. The Duchess of Teck, ever a keen politician, delighted in talking to



PITTSBURG, PA. v. THAW: MRS. HARRY K. THAW, WHO IS FIGHTING FOR SOCIAL RECOGNITION.

Mrs. William Thaw and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Harry K. Thaw, formerly Florence Evelyn Nesbit, a "Florodora" chorus-girl, are giving battle to Pittsburg's Four Hundred, who refuse to recognise Mrs. Thaw junior. The last mail brought the news that the Thaws were likely to prove victorious.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

IT has become an annual custom for the Court to spend the last ten days of January in the Royal Borough. On the 22nd of this month a solemn memorial service takes place at Frogmore, and their Majesties spend the day in retirement. To-day (24th) the King will honour Lord Burnham with a visit. The owner of historic Hall Barn is an old and trusted friend and servant of the Sovereign, and as Prince

statesmen. Sitting at lunch one day next to Lord Beaconsfield, she asked him, apropos of some much-debated question, "And now do tell me what you really want." "Only a potato, Madam," was the gentle answer of the great "Dizzy."

The First Lady Voter.

Madame Alwyn Bussey now takes equal precedence with the first and only lady Freemason, for she is the only woman who has voted at an English election; but it is not likely that the parallel will be carried

far towards "the end that does not exist," as the ingenious schoolboy had it. The voter has no secrets to be "given away," or should have none; the Freemason has: thus, while the lady who spied upon members of the Craft was allowed perforce to become one of that Craft, it is not in the least likely that Madame Bussey will be permitted to retain her vote, which is fortunate or unfortunate, according to your belief in or hatred for woman suffrage. It was doubtless the "Alwyn" that caused the complication. Alwyn

Bussey was on the register in East Marylebone, and it was Alwyn Bussey who voted—for the Free Fooder—after a bloodless and brief conflict with a presiding officer who desired time to consult law books. The register was there, and the register could not be denied; so it was decreed. Madame Bussey, it may be remarked in passing, migrated from Germany to this country some eight years ago, rented a studio at Welbeck House, Wells Street, and is busily engaged in teaching singing and voice-production.



ENGLAND'S ONLY LADY VOTER: MME. ALWYN BUSSEY.

The name of Alwyn Bussey is on the register for East Marylebone, with the result that Mme. Bussey was allowed to vote the other day after a brief contest with the presiding officer. Mme. Bussey, who came to this country from Germany eight years ago, is a teacher of singing and voice-production.

Photograph by Reed.

Pittsburg, Pa. v. Thaw.

There is trouble in the "upper suckles" of Pittsburg, Pa.—a social battle in which America is vastly interested and by which it is vastly entertained. The combatants are, on the one side, Mrs. William Thaw and Mrs. Harry Kendall Thaw; on the other, Pittsburg's Four Hundred. Mrs. Harry Thaw, it may be remembered, was once, and not very long ago, Florence Evelyn Nesbit, "Florodora" chorus-girl and artist's model; and Pittsburg, Pa., proper, having worked itself up, in a double sense, fears the taint of the stage in its drawing-rooms and boudoirs, and does not receive Mrs. Thaw junior, a fact that has aroused a very natural cussedness in that lady and her mother-in-law. The fight rages right merrily, and with the last American mail came the assurance that the Thaws are likely to melt the icy hearts of their adversaries. "She has the sympathy of the masses in Pittsburg," we are told of Mrs. Thaw senior, "who love little Evelyn for her beauty, her skill in 'landing' a millionaire, and also for the enemies she has made"—which says much for the sporting instinct of the plebs of Pittsburg, Pa. Numbers of those interested evidently agree with the "gentleman whose name is a power in Pittsburg":—"Look at that young Mrs. Thaw. Got more sense than a lot of those who are trying to roast her and freeze her out. She'll have her little foot on the neck of society here soon."

The Tricks of Sovereigns.

It is said that every man has some little trick or other which he performs unconsciously, especially when he is thinking. The Sovereigns of Europe have all their own peculiar habits. For example, King Edward has a way of passing his finger backwards and forwards under his chin; the German Emperor twirls his moustache with energy, while the King of Italy strokes his gently and affectionately; the Emperor of Austria combs out his whiskers, and the Czar frequently passes his hand over the top of his head. Lastly, the retiring President of France, M. Loubet, has a trick of shrugging his right shoulder, and at the same time smoothing the front of his coat with his right hand.



THE DEATH OF THE "AMERICAN WHITELEY": MR. MARSHALL FIELD AND MRS. MARSHALL FIELD LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR WEDDING.

Mr. Marshall Field, whose great Chicago store brought him a fortune of anything between 25 and 30 million pounds, died somewhat suddenly last week. It will be remembered that he married Mrs. Delia Spencer Caton only a few months ago.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Henry of Prussia furiously to think, and the latter is probably anything between five-and-twenty and thirty million pounds—not dollars. Chicago is the actual scene of the operations of the firm, out of which, in addition to Mr. Field, Messrs. Potter Palmer and Levi Leiter, father of Lady Curzon, have made magnificent "piles," but its fame is not confined to the City of Pork—all commercial America knows it. It is claimed that there is nothing that is not forthcoming from its store-rooms on demand; seven thousand workers find employment in it, and its backbone is the small customer, a personage who is assiduously cultivated, and one obviously worth the attention of certain of our own somewhat supercilious shopmen. Mr. Field, it may be remembered, married Mrs. Delia Spencer Caton, a wealthy widow, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, only a few months ago, and she it is who, presumably, will inherit her late husband's fortune and have the doubtful felicity of becoming the Land of the Dollar's greatest taxpayer.

Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester.

The very day after giving a Royal dinner-party, with the King as chief guest, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester underwent a serious operation. This plucky, brilliant hostess was one of the first fair Americans to marry into the highest ranks of the British Peerage. She was not, however, enormously wealthy, and her betrothal to the then Lord Mandeville was a true romance. The Duchess kept up a close intimacy with her native land, and, by a curious coincidence, she became godmother to the baby Miss Vanderbilt, who was also destined to marry a British Duke. The mother of the present head of the house of Montagu became immediately popular in Society, and she has long been one of those hostesses whom their Majesties delight to honour. She generally takes a house at Cowes each summer, and is a frequent guest on the Royal yacht. One great sorrow has overshadowed the Duchess's life. She lost two beautiful twin-daughters in early girlhood, and has now but one child, the reigning Duke, who paid his mother the pretty compliment of wedding an American girl.

"Journeys End in Lovers' Meetings."

To-day (24th), if widespread rumour is to be believed, the young King of Spain will meet Princess Ena of Battenberg at San Sebastian. The Osborne of Spain, as this charming watering-place has been called, is the favourite holiday sojourn of Alfonso XIII.; it was there that he was taken as a delicate, excitable child to spend long weeks

The American Whiteley. Mr. Marshall Field, whose somewhat sudden death was announced last week, has been called "the Whiteley of America," and the name must be accepted as a compliment even by the eminent William of Westbourne Grove himself. Mr. Field's business was, and is, as colossal as the wealth it brought him; the former gave even Prince

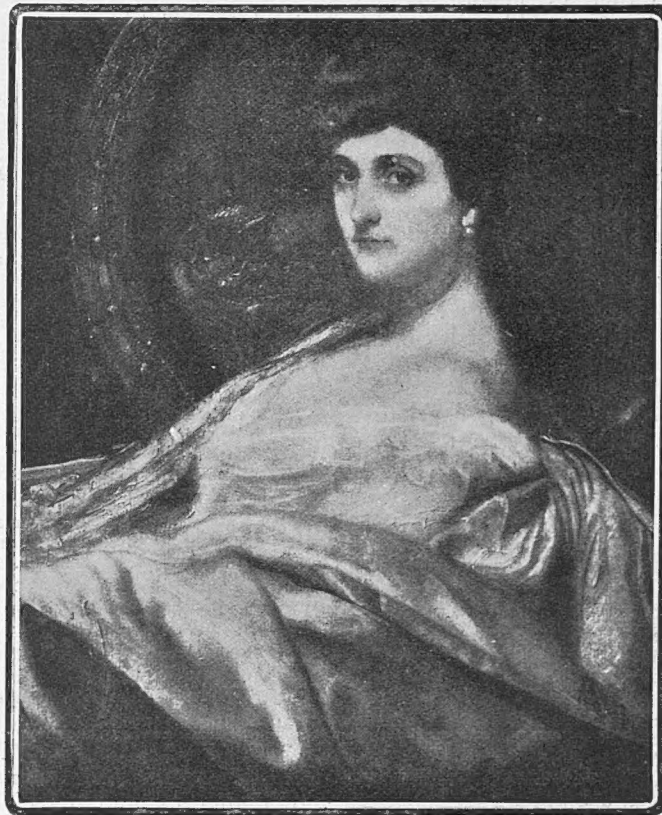
drinking in health and strength, there more recently that he learnt to ride and motor. Even our own prudent *Times* declares that the Royal engagement "will probably be announced" in the near future, and with an English Queen Consort in Spain, that most romantic and little known of European countries will become a new holiday playground; this more especially if the young King's love of the horseless carriage leads to an improvement in the public roads of the Peninsula.

The President-Elect of France.

The Senators and Deputies of France have chosen a political Chubb, an essentially safe man, to serve as the Chief Magistrate of their country for the next seven years. Clément Armand Fallières is nothing if not constitutional, and since the day when he overthrew parental authority by proclaiming Republican principles, he has made steady progress along the prickly paths that lead to Presidency. His earlier days were not notable for excessive dignity. As a young man, he was a young man, and it is a matter of history that his bill for the midnight oil proper to study did not stagger humanity during the year he spent in Paris for the purpose of reading law. The joys of the Quartier Latin proved far more congenial than the toils, and he was promptly ordered to Toulouse by his father. At eighteen he was a Bachelor of Letters, later a Bachelor of Sciences. Then he was called to the Bar and began practising at Nerac. There he again showed a propensity for "larks," and it was not until he suddenly attained local eminence by his conduct of a case that he really settled down. Gascon as he is, he is Porthos rather than D'Artagnan in figure, and his bulk causes him some tribulation; indeed, he takes the most rigorous walking-exercise in order that it shall not increase. His grandfather was a blacksmith, his father was a grower of the vine, and he himself follows his parent's example—and makes it pay. His income is not excessive, but it is sufficient, and, in the company of his wife, his barrister-son, and his daughter, who is unmarried, he is the typical "bon papa." For the rest, he is sixty-five, bourgeois at heart, firm of character, and a good all-round shot. France is likely to find him an excellent helmsman for the Ship of State.

The Wireless Telephone.

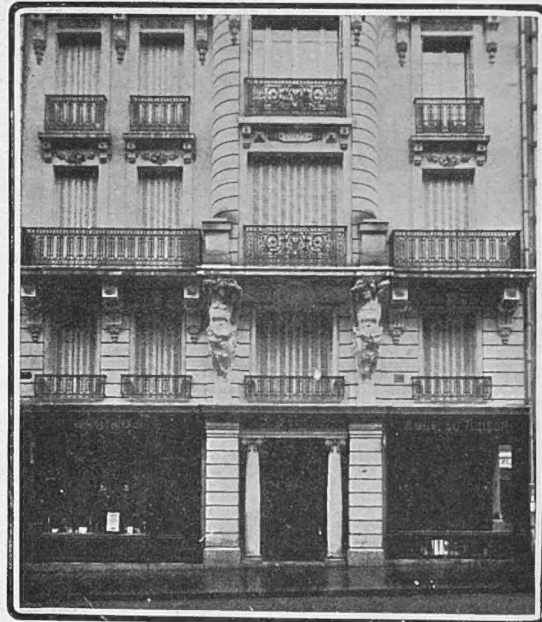
After wireless telegraphy comes the wireless telephone. It is announced from Rome that the brothers Zameschi have discovered a system of telephoning without wires, which they call Radiotelephony. It is based on the employment of the Hertzian



CONSUELO, DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER, WHO RECENTLY UNDERWENT A SEVERE OPERATION.

After the painting by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

waves, and the apparatus resembles an ordinary telephone, except that it is rather larger in size. The voice when heard through the instrument is quite clear, but rather weaker than with the ordinary telephone, and at distances of two or three hundred yards a speaker can be heard quite distinctly. The inventors are now occupied in constructing an instrument which will convey the voice over long distances without wires.



THE FUTURE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: M. LOUBET'S FLAT IN THE RUE DANTE.

M. Loubet relinquishes the cares of office on the 18th of next month, when M. Fallières, President-elect, comes into office.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.

*The Managing-
Editor of
London's New
Daily.*

Mr. Franklin Thomasson, who has just launched the *Tribune* and incidentally turned the 'bus-horse into a species of sandwich-man, may be said to have taken to politics much as a duckling takes to water. His father, the late John Pennington Thomasson, represented Bolton, in company with Mr. I. K. Cross, during Mr. Gladstone's Government from 1880 until 1885, and it is not surprising that his interest in matters Parliamentary dates almost from the day upon which he first learned what Parliament was and what it meant. A staunch Liberal, he brings to the cause he favours an honoured name, excellent platform oratory, business ability, and the firmest of firm opinions on many matters. He is a warm advocate of Land Reform, the holder of very advanced views on temperance and the licensing question, much interested in religion, and an out-and-out opponent of the Education Bill, and he has waged gallant but ineffectual battles in the Westhoughton Division and in the Stretford Division. Four years ago he declined an invitation to contest the Clitheroe Division; but only ill-health caused him to retire last year from the position of prospective candidate for the Accrington Division. His interest in Volunteering is considerable: he has been a Captain in the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment for the past eight years, and is one of the best marksmen with the revolver in the county.

*The Thomasson
Family.*

The name of Thomasson is closely linked with that of Bolton, where Mr. Franklin Thomasson's great-grandfather founded the famous firm of Thomasson and Son, cotton spinners and manufacturers, Mill Hill Mills. Into this business the managing-editor of the *Tribune* entered at the age of eighteen—to be precise, in 1891—and on reaching his majority he attained the dignity of partner. He inherits not only a name great in Bolton, but the honour of carrying on a magnificent tradition of generosity, generosity that has benefited Bolton in almost incalculable measure and brought his father a well-earned freedom of the borough. Through his mother, a daughter of Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas, sister of the great statesman, he claims direct relationship with John Bright. His wife is an American.

*A Paris Police
Puzzle.*

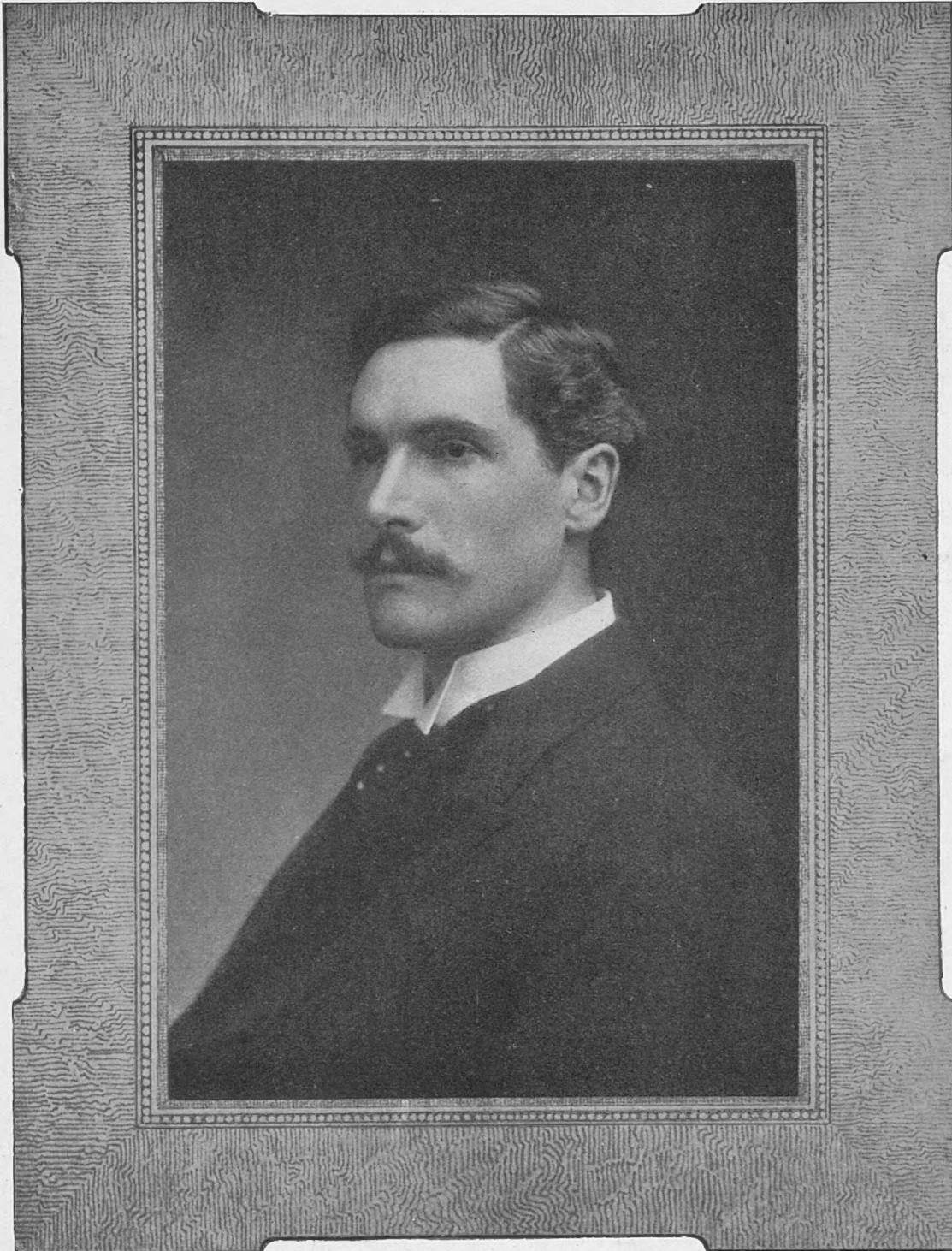
Paris loves to mock, as you know. It will mock at almost anything. A *bêtise* by the police puts it in the profoundest joy. Such an occasion has presented itself, and Paris laughs the laugh of the superior person. An elderly lady, very rich, was walking down a quiet street the other morning, when a *gosse*—one of those pale *gosses* of Paris that look so wicked and so hungry—snatched a reticule from her hand and made off as fast as his legs could carry him. Recovered from her first surprise at the aggression, the aged dame began to run and to shout with what voice she could: "Au voleur!" Two chauffeurs, witnesses of the event from afar, gave chase. Speedily they overtook the

youngster, whose breath was beginning to come in gasps. They gave him a few sound blows and bore him *en auto* to the police-station. This was at eleven o'clock in the morning. At mid-day arrived the police—six typical Parisian "agents," besworded and be-caped, and hiding a natural bonhomie under ferocious moustaches. All the afternoon they stayed there, the valiant six, guarding the place of robbery as if it were sacred. Why? Nobody knows—least of all the six.

*Pour Rire un
Peu.*

In the days that are gone the Palais Royal, in the heart of Paris, was the great rendezvous of fashion. The gallants and belles of the period when Richelieu was the grand master of France laughed and loved beneath its trees, and its colonnades resounded to the jingle of spurs and the tapping of high-heeled shoes. Later—much later—in Balzac's day, it became celebrated as the resort of the gambler and the diner-out. We have a moving picture of the place in "Peau de Chagrin."

Shops and clubs and restaurants flared and flourished where all is now silence and solitude. But a serious effort is to be made to restore life and gaiety to the ancient Palace of the Cardinal—so named, of course, after Richelieu. In the old restaurant of the Grand Vefour, peopled with the shades of Lamartine, Thiers, Sainte-Beuve, MacMahon, and the Duc d'Orléans, is to be installed a company of gay revellers. Imagine who? None other than the Chambre des Huissiers. The *huissiers* are the bailiffs of Paris; they perform, so to speak, the judicial dirty work. Whenever you have a little affair with the law, it is M. l'Huissier who is instructed to carry out the judgment. Fancy these gay dogs, in this historic setting, poring over their fusty documents.



THE MANAGING-EDITOR OF LONDON'S NEW DAILY: MR. FRANKLIN THOMASSON,
PROPRIETOR OF THE "TRIBUNE."

The owner-manager-editor of the "*Tribune*" was born at Alderley Edge, in 1872, has been trained for a Parliamentary career, and has contested the Stretford Division and the Westhoughton Division. At the age of eighteen he entered the famous firm of Thomasson and Son, cotton spinners and manufacturers, founded by his great-grandfather, and brought to its present state of prosperity by his father, the late John Pennington Thomasson, whose name is a household word in Bolton; and on reaching his majority he became a partner. Ill-health alone caused him to retire from his position as prospective candidate for the Accrington Division at the present election.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



LONDON'S
LATEST FAD—
ACCORDING
TO BERLIN:
PHOTOGRAPHY
ON THE
FINGER - NAIL.

(SEE PARAGRAPH
BELOW.)

Photographs by
Clément and Co.



*Coming Weddings
and New
Engagements.*

The General Election even affects matrimony. Marriages are often hurried on in order that candidates may feel at rest when fighting their constituencies; but few new engagements are announced at such a time. Perhaps the most interesting of January betrothals is that of Mr. Henry Pelham, Lord Chichester's brother, to Miss Ollerhead. The bridegroom-elect is a distinguished Civil servant. February will be a great wedding month, partly owing to its proximity to Lent. The German Emperor's second son will be the most noteworthy of the bridegrooms, and his parents celebrate also next month their own silver-wedding day. Royalty is interested in the marriage, taking place on Feb. 1, of Miss Elo Farquharson (of Invercauld) to Mr. Evelyn Leveson-Gower. The bride's family has a long connection with the Court, one of her sisters, Lady Musgrave, being Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Victoria. It is significant that St. Peter's, Eaton Square, is returning to bridal favour: the two most important February weddings both take place in that temple of Hymen.

*Society and the
New Parliament.*

The thinning of the Conservative ranks will much affect Society, using the word in its narrow sense, during the coming spring and summer. Those Tory hostesses who entertained so brilliantly will be disposed to retire for a while from the scene of action, the more so that "safe seats" are being reserved but for a few members of the late Administration. On the other hand, the Liberal ladies are credited with most hospitable intentions, and all the official entertainments will be made as gorgeous as possible, some of the great millionaires of the party specially exerting themselves in the matter of intelligent hospitalities. Still, when all is said and done, the temporary political eclipse of such a mansion as Lansdowne House is, socially speaking, to be regretted, but Free Trade has magnificent headquarters in Wimborne House, where some notable gatherings are expected to take place.

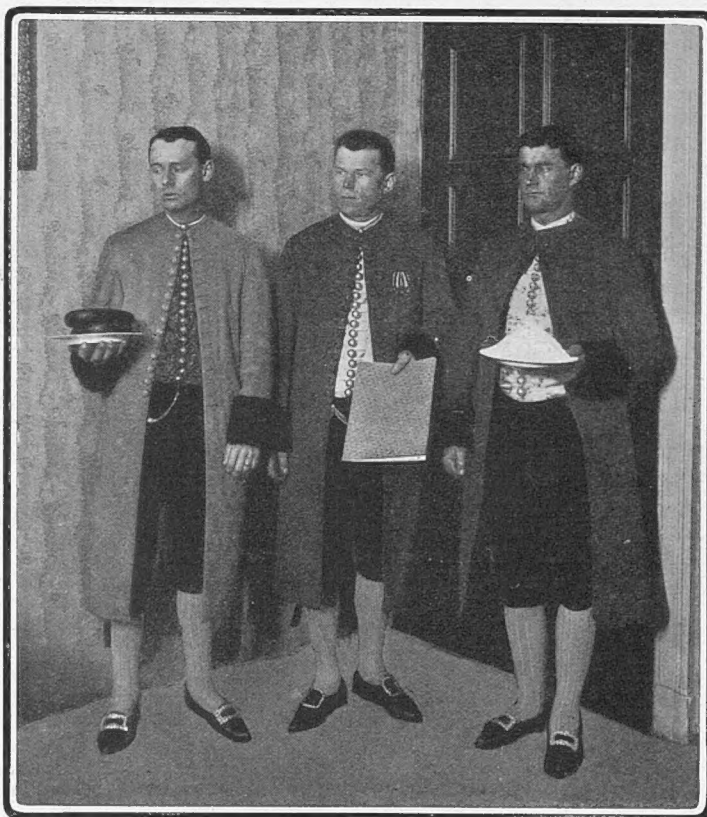
*The Increase in
Jewel-Thieving.*

The Duchess of Connaught is the latest victim to the jewel-thief, and this is perhaps the more surprising owing to the fact that her Royal Highness is noted for her indifference to gems. Many Royal Princesses carry about with them a perfect fortune in precious stones, but the King's sister-in-law has always remained faithful to the few fine jewels dating from her early married days, and her relations are aware that she prefers any other form of gift. The wonder is, however, not that jewel-thefts increase, but that they are not more frequent. Till comparatively lately the wearing of diamonds or rubies in the daytime was considered a sign of bad taste; only Peeresses appeared in tiaras, and elaborate jewelled parures were worn only on great occasions. Now many women take with them several thousand pounds' worth of precious stones when paying a week-end visit, and these precious possessions are as often as not packed in a showy hand-bag or despatch-box, and confided to the care and weak hand of a young lady's-maid.

*London's Latest
Fad—According to
Berlin.*

Berlin, mightily ingenious and equally ingenuous, has discovered fashionable London's latest fad before fashionable London has contrived to discover it for itself. It is now the "c'rect card," we are given to understand, for the beaux and belles of this country to bear on the nail of the wedding-ring finger a portrait of their beloved, the said portrait being printed upon the nail by a newly patented process. It may be asserted with confidence that the inventor of the idea is not making a fortune out of it so far as we are concerned; we are too reserved a

race to advertise our private and most personal feelings by sensationalism that may well prove embarrassing—and some of us have been known to change our minds with our years. It would certainly be a novelty, however, were the defendants in breach-of-promise cases identified by finger-print, much as common criminals are traced by thumb-print.



SAUSAGES FOR THE KAISER: A DEPUTATION WAITING UPON
HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WITH A GIFT OF WÜRSTE.

In January of each year, the people of Halle give substantial proof of their loyalty to the reigning house by sending a deputation to present the Kaiser with some of the celebrated sausages made in their town. On the left of our photograph is shown the butcher who handed the gift to his Imperial Majesty this year; in the centre, one of the leaders of the deputation holds a book containing verses appropriate to the occasion; on the right is one bearing a dish of salt in which the eggs are buried.

Photograph by Clément and Co.

FROM REVOLUTION TO THE RIVIERA.

SOME OF THE MANY RUSSIAN ARISTOCRATS NOW IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.



The Riviera is extraordinarily full of Russian aristocrats just now. The Grand Duke Cyril and the Grand Duchess, who was formerly Grand Duchess of Hesse, and the Grand Duke Andrei Vladimirovitch are at the Hôtel Continental, Cannes. The Grand Duke Vladimir, "the Butcher of St. Petersburg," and his son, Cyril, are said to have quarrelled, and it is this, perhaps, that accounts for the fact that the former is putting up at a different hotel—the Grand, Cannes, where he is staying with his wife. The Grand Duke Michael Nicholaievitch, only surviving son of Nicholas I., has also arrived at Cannes, and there, too, is the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, the Tsar's second cousin, who is staying at the Villa Valetta. Most of the Grand Dukes are, it is said, gambling heavily, and the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch has already spent many roubles at the tables. The Grand Duke Nicolai is at Nice, and, according to a Berlin paper, has been the hero of an "incident." The Grand Duke—so the story runs—found himself ensnared by the charms of a young French lady who was seated at the roulette table, and, failing to attract her attention, signed to the croupier to place two gold pieces on Number 13 for her, and left the room. Number 13 won, £56 was pushed towards the young lady by the croupier, and unavailing protests that there was a mistake were made. Next, enter the Grand Duke, only to find his plans for winning recognition all awry, and receive the snub direct. "Please send this money," said the heroine of the occasion to a gentleman sitting near by, "from the Grand Duke Nicolai to the Central Committee for the victims of the Revolution in Russia." Then she passed the Grand Duke, apparently without seeing him, and left him to his own devices.

Photographs supplied by the Exclusive News Agency.



BY E. A. B.

Carlyle on the Steam-Whistle.

The recent removal of the hoarding which has so long had place at the foot of the Nelson Column is a reminder that another tube railway is nearing completion. It is the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway, and will be open to the public, it is hoped, about Easter. Every Londoner

welcomes the multiplication of "tubes"; the more so from the fact that while locomotion is facilitated by their use, they have this special appeal: with their advent the steam-whistle disappears. Now the steam-whistle was of all Carlyle's enemies the *bête-noire*. In a general storm against our London noises he declared, "It's the devil's own infernal din all the blessed day long, confounding God's works and His creatures—a truly awful, hell-like combination; and the warst of a' is a railway-whistle, like the screech of ten thousand cats, and ivery cat of them all as big as a cathedral!"



A CURIOUS WINTER CUSTOM IN YORKSHIRE; THE HORN THAT IS BLOWN TO WARN WAYFARERS ON THE MOORS NEAR BAINBRIDGE.

At nine o'clock every winter's night the horn here shown is blown on the green of the little village of Bainbridge, in Yorkshire, to cheer or warn any wayfarers who may be wandering on the surrounding moors. There is little doubt that many a traveller lost in the fog has owed his safety to this custom.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.

brought to see the advantage of the small-profits-quick-returns policy! Fares are as high to-day as ever they were. It is commonly supposed that the companies could not possibly afford to carry us for less. Well, Sir James Allport, the man who made the Midland Railway, held a directly opposite opinion. He left it on record that in his view the railways never would be really developed until low fares were adopted. As some confirmation of his theory, he declared that during the rate war with the Northern lines, when passengers were carried from London to York for eighteenpence, the companies simply coined money.



ANOTHER FISH FOR THE DINING-TABLE: BRIKHAM FISHERMEN PREPARING DOG-FISH FOR TRANSPORTATION TO LONDON.

The recent discovery that the dog-fish is fit for human food has been welcomed by the fishermen, who were wont to look upon it not only as useless, but as one of the chief damagers of their nets.

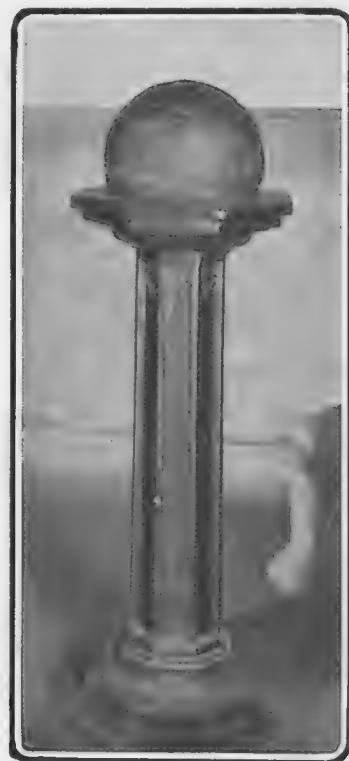
Photograph by Carlisle Winter-Wood.

Sunday Sinning.

It will not be surprising if the new Parliament, when it assembles three weeks hence, hears from the society which keeps an eye upon Sabbath observances. Already it has spoken out against the Sunday travelling of which members of the Cabinet were guilty last month when the Government was in process of formation. Since then certain candidates rested not from their electioneering labours upon the Sunday which occurred between nomination day and polling. It is hard in such times of pressure to know quite what to do. Two notable men, Chief Baron Alexander and Baron Gurney, were going the Norwich Circuit together, and with them the question was whether or no they should travel on the Sunday. Alexander was for; Gurney against. They compromised, commencing their journey, but stopping to attend church service on the way. The result was quite discouraging. No sooner had they entered the building than the clerk gave out the lines, "O, all ye judges of the earth, Whose hands with bribes are stained." Alexander turned sharply to his companion. "By — they've found us out!" he whispered.

The Queen in the Studio.

An interesting description has just been published by Mr. Colin Forbes of his experience with the King and Queen as sitters; he is painting their portraits for the Dominion House of Parliament. The Queen, it seems, is quite a model sitter. It was not always so, judging from Mr. Frith's charming story. When the Queen was still Princess of Wales, he, the now veteran Academician, was painting her portrait, but her vivacity and activity would not allow her to maintain the position the artist needed for his picture. In despair, he opened his heart to the King, who laughed, "You should scold her." Soon afterwards Mr. Frith was sent for to see a bust of the Princess upon which Mr. Gibson, R.A., was engaged. It was not a good likeness. "Well, you see," the sculptor explained, "the Princess is a delightful lady, but she can't sit a bit." Presently the Prince and Princess entered the studio, the Princess with a pretty pout, which showed that she knew what was coming. The Prince asked Gibson frankly how he found the Princess sit, and, taking silence as an impeachment, turned to the Princess with a smile and shake of his head, saying, "There, you see, you sit properly neither to Mr. Gibson nor Mr. Frith." "I do, I do," said the Princess; "you are two bad men." But thereafter she proved the best of subjects, and the results were excellent.



A CANNON-BALL IN A CATHEDRAL: A CURIOUS MONUMENT IN LONDON-DERRY CATHEDRAL.

The cannon-ball that has an honoured place in Londonderry Cathedral was fired into the town during the famous siege of 1689. James II. advanced against Derry with an army of 20,000 men, intending to take it as a step towards the overthrow of William III. For eight months the inhabitants, in great distress and semi-starvation, withstood the siege. Then vessels carrying food and men ran the blockade, and James was forced to withdraw.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.

Saving the Nation.

President Roosevelt is face to face with a rather awkward situation in regard to the United States Consular Service. He is implored to eliminate from the service the "spoils" system. Now even a Roosevelt can hardly effect that in a land which tolerates Tammany. What he might wish to do at the moment is to dig up a certain Bill which was never presented to Congress. General Benjamin Butler, as good a patriot as ever stepped, decided one day that he would save his country by knocking off half a million dollars per year of her expenditure. How was he to do it? the question came. Well, he would simply take his pen and cause one Consul to exist where before were two upon the pay-roll. That was all. Nothing could be simpler. What good were they, anyway? More than half of them were a nuisance. He would therefore reduce the evil by fifty per cent., and—save the nation. Happily for America, the good General happened to run up against a long-headed diplomat as he was making his way to Congress, and that Bill was never moved.

HOW A GREAT PRODUCTION IS COSTUMED.

GORGEOUS DRESSES WORN BY CHARACTERS IN "NERO."



1. BRITANNICUS (MR. ESME PERCY) IN THE POISON SCENE.

(White, gold, and violet tunic, with the purple band of the Patrician; white cloak with purple border.)

4. POPPÆA (MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER).

(Peacock-blue pepum; purple pallium.)

7. ACTE (MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD).

(Pink pepum; pink pallium lined with green and decorated with red and gold.)

2. BRITANNICUS (MR. ESME PERCY) IN THE PROLOGUE.

(White tunic and toga with purple border.)

5. POPPÆA (MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER) BEFORE NERO.

(Pink pepum; saffron pallium decorated with gold.)

8. AGRIPPINA (MRS. TREE) IN THE PROLOGUE.

(See Article on Second Ladies' Page.)

3. SENECA (MR. J. FISHER WHITE) IN THE PROLOGUE.

(Costume copied from a statue in the Louvre.)

6. OCTAVIA (MISS PHYLLIS EMBURY).

9. AGRIPPINA (MRS. TREE).

(Crimson pepum; crimson pallium lined with white.)



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE LITTLE CHERUB"—"A ROYAL DIVORCE"—"LE PAON"—"ELECTRA"—
"THE SUPERIOR MISS PELLENDER."

"THE LITTLE CHERUB" clashed with "A Royal Divorce," the play founded on the fact that Josephine had no "little cherub": had her marriage with Napoleon been fruitful the fate of Europe might have been different, and I should not be disturbed in my writing by the cries of hawkers announcing further triumphs for the Liberals. The new musical piece is likely to please those who have enjoyed its predecessors. An announcement that it was founded on Meilhac's witty work, "Décoré," caused one to hope that Mr. Owen Hall would give us a better book than the average, but he has only made use of a suggestion, and the proportion of Hall to Meilhac is excessive. However, the comedians will work up their parts, the jokes will gradually find their way into the piece, and then its simple humours, pretty music by Mr. Ivan Caryll, competent performance, and beautiful setting will bring the customary success. Already one scents a boom in "Experience," the ballad with music of an old French flavour which Miss Evie Greene sings with no little of the expression of an Yvette Guilbert. One could wish her part were rather better developed, for her lively acting and charming voice made one want more. Miss Zena Dare plays and sings prettily, and the many young ladies in wonderful frocks display their usual energy, if hardly the frenzy of their American sisters. Mr. Fred Kaye in the chief acting part, the Earl of Sanctobury, who has figured in a thousand farces, played with a vigour unexpected by some of his admirers. Mr. Maurice Farkoa scorns any thought of pretending to be other than himself, but sings with success in his skilful, pretty fashion.

The recollection of having criticised "A Royal Divorce" on its original London first night makes one feel quite elderly. Age cannot wither the piece, or at least fifteen years have been unable to do so, and the *première* on Saturday at the Scala witnessed a reception warmer than the greeting which it had at the now-demolished New Olympic Theatre. The reputation of W. G. Wills hardly depends on this attempt to present the real Napoleon, yet if one cannot accept the play as great drama or fine history, it is at least effective and at times very moving: gallons of tears must have been shed over the woes of Josephine during the fifteen years' existence of the play, and the excellent performance by Miss Edith Cole at the Scala Theatre will cause thousands to sympathise with the unhappy "Creole." Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, the Marie Louise, makes a strikingly picturesque figure of "the Austrian." Mr. Frank Lister is one of the most successful of the many Napoleons—of the stage; and Mr. G. W. Cockburn's powerful method is of great service as the hopeless lover of Josephine.

The French company was rather rash, perhaps, in presenting at the Royalty such a curious work as "Le Paon," by Francis de Croisset, an artificial comedy written in verse and imitative of eighteenth-century drama. Still, the work is pretty, has a number of lively scenes, and some humours easily understood. Moreover, Mlle. Marie Leconte, as a very sophisticated village maiden, acted charmingly and recited some monologues admirably into the bargain.

M. de Féraudy, as a middle-aged beau, played with abundance of fine humour, and his recitations were excellently given; and Mlle. Dénise Morena showed talent and beauty as a lady with candid ideas as to the market value of her indisputable charms.

The production of the "Electra" of Euripides at the Court Theatre came as a matter of course now that Mr. Granville Barker has discovered that with Mr. Gilbert Murray's brilliant translations he can make the Greek drama a living thing upon the modern stage. It is always a little difficult to say how much of the marvellous effect produced by the "Hippolytus," by "The Trojan Women," and now by the "Electra" is due to Euripides, how much to Mr. Murray, how much to old associations, and how much to the acting. We may give credit to all, but I think we shall not be wrong in placing Euripides

at the top. Mr. Murray as a poet is too well known by this time to require further praise; and the same might be said of Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison as an actress, were it not that on this occasion she seems to surpass herself. The part of the vengeful daughter of the murdered Agamemnon is a trying one; it is long, marvellously varied, and ranges through all the heights and depths of fury, scorn, tenderness, remorse, and almost maniacal savagery, and Miss Wynne-Matthison passes through all its changing moods, brilliant and triumphant. There is little physical action—it is sheer study of female character, warped by the influence of a blood-feud, unsympathetic, but lit up by a magnificent prodigality of glowing words. And it is set in quite beautiful surroundings, in the half-lights of a forest drawn to some extent according to the ideas of Mr. Gordon Craig. The whole

scheme is a happy compromise between modernity and a pedantic respect for antiquity.

Enthusiastic is a fair word to use concerning the greeting of Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Winifred Emery at the Waldorf Theatre, and everyone hoped he had made a good choice of plays for his first venture. There was, I fear, a little disappointment. The house laughed gustily at "The Partik'ler Pet," and "The Superior Miss Pellender" caused a great deal of merriment; but I fear that our public has rather too gross an appetite for such light fare, and is not quite educated to the appreciation of a slice of life with a "to be continued in our next" air like the little play by Mr. Knoblauch. People roared with laughter at Mr. Maude as the quaint, ugly, dirty tramp in clover. Yet some had their pleasure marred by the fact that we do not know what happened when the superintendent found that Tutt was a tramp and not a newspaperman in disguise. To me Mr. Bowkett's play, "The Superior Miss Pellender," was amusing almost throughout. There were rather too many misunderstanding scenes, nor is the author at present quite skilful enough to handle such a slight subject without being a little monotonous. However, it is never tedious, and Mr. Maude and Miss Emery have capital parts, which they play delightfully; Miss Beatrice Ferrar is very funny as the vixen, and capital performances are given by Mr. Bottomley, Miss Titheradge, and Miss Wiehe.



The Stranger (Mr. W. Lugg).

René Delorme (Mr. H. B. Irving).

THE LAST SCENE IN A SHORT-LIVED PLAY: THE DEATH OF RENÉ DELORME (MR. H. B. IRVING) IN "THE JURY OF FATE."

Mr. McClellan's new play, "The Jury of Fate," has failed to attract sufficient support from the playgoing public, and it is to be withdrawn on Friday next.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

MR. TREE'S COSTUMES IN "NERO," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



1. THE COSTUME WORN IN THE PROLOGUE.
(White cloak with purple border.)

5. FOURTH DRESS.
(Long, lemon tunic with gold decoration; orange toga with gold embroidery; rayed fillet; snake-skin armlet.)

2. A GOLD FILLET WITH RAYS.
(From a bust in the Vatican.)

4. THE STATUE IN THE VATICAN
FROM WHICH THE CHARIOTEER
COSTUME HAS BEEN COPIED.

(See Article on our Second Ladies' Page.)

3. DRESS WORN IN THE FIRE SCENE.
(Long, gold-coloured tunic; pallium of black with flame decorations and red-and-gold border; gold laurel wreath.)

6. DRESS WORN IN THE BANQUET SCENE.
(Short, gold, sleeveless tunic; gold Persian trousers; purple cloak with gold-and-silver decoration.)

ELECTION RESULT.



"Mr. Dusty Rhodes, who fought the Protectionists in the Free Food interest, has again been returned by a large majority."

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

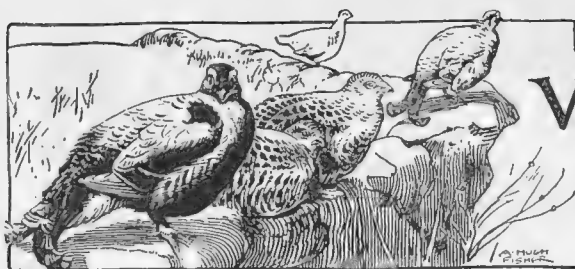
ORIGINS OF MODERN ETIQUETTE.

(According to a "Sketch" Historian.)

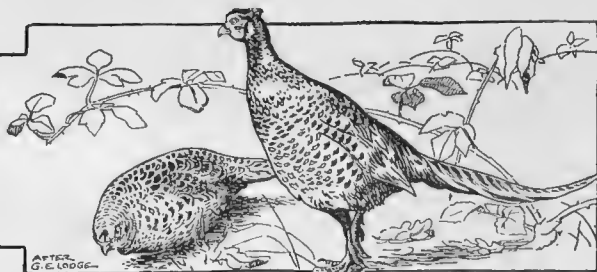
V.—WHY GUESTS ARE SERVED BEFORE THEIR HOST.

The Baron, realising that any unpopularity may lead to secret and poisonous flavouring of his cook's chefs d'œuvre, decrees that his visitors shall have the first helpings of everything—for obvious reasons.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



WEEK-END PAPERS



BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

Frost and the Gunner.

The cold weather, so eagerly looked for in days when December showed a mildness that seemed properly to belong to the spring, has had its usual direct bearing upon sport. Though the hounds are sent back to their kennels at the coming of King Frost, and hunting men and women are wont to pay flying visits to London—there to enjoy themselves as best they can while waiting impatiently for a thaw—the cold snap treats other forms of sport in kindlier fashion. As soon as the first snowflakes entered the fields, partridges that had long been the despair of shooting men took alarm and sought the hedgerows. For long weary weeks there had been no choice between tramping after them without hope of a shot, or having them driven at a pace that the wind augmented, until only the most expert endeavour could avail to stop them. Had the cold snap postponed its coming for a week or ten days the coveys would have broken up, the birds would have paired, and every sportsman worthy the name would have laid his gun aside.

Love and Fear.

The ways of mating birds are strange and fearless. The covey that always kept two fields away from you after the First of October breaks up—apparently at the bidding of its leaders—and in a day or two pairing birds will be running or walking, or even flying within twenty yards of your gun, as though confident that it will not be raised against them. I remember one covey of sixteen birds that lived within a stone's-throw of me some few years ago, on land too narrow to be driven, and successfully defied all my attempts, after a late September morning had brought the old hen-bird to the bag. Father Partridge was as cunning as a Red Indian on the war-path, and while the land lay very quiet, and food was plentiful, he decided, or seemed to decide, that I was his only foe, and might be out-mancœuvred. So it happened that he and his family "jugged" regularly in the middle of the field, and went out of it as I approached. Once or twice I sent a lad to raise them, but they would never fly in the required direction. Late in November they disappeared for a time, perhaps in search of other feeding-grounds, but an exceptionally mild December brought them back to their field, and by the end of December they had broken up. Then it was that pairing birds showed complete indifference to dangers they had avoided a few weeks before. They rambled together, for all the world like the younger village folk on April Sundays, and more than one bird tried to return to the field that they doubtless regarded as their own. This the old cock-bird, who remained unmated, would by no means allow.

A Quarrel-some Partridge.

As soon as a couple entered the field—I may say my window commanded a view that my field-glasses improved—he would attack one of the birds, presumably the cock-bird, evidently in an endeavour to settle the claim for the lady by conquest. Apparently

there was but one ending to this attack, and that was the flight of the younger birds, and as they always flew together, the old gentleman's pugnacity was no more than labour lost. I waited until January was nearly out, to give him every chance of finding a partner; but love passed him by, and before he could become immune from pursuit

he was hanging stiff, motionless, and uninterested in the larder, whence, in the fulness of time, he came to the table to make his last appearance. When May reached us, no fewer than three partridge-nests were on the bank just above the little ditch that was once a river's tributary, and more than a score of partridges were hatched out. Had I left old Mr. Partridge to enjoy a bachelor life, it is safe to say there would not have been a nest in the field.

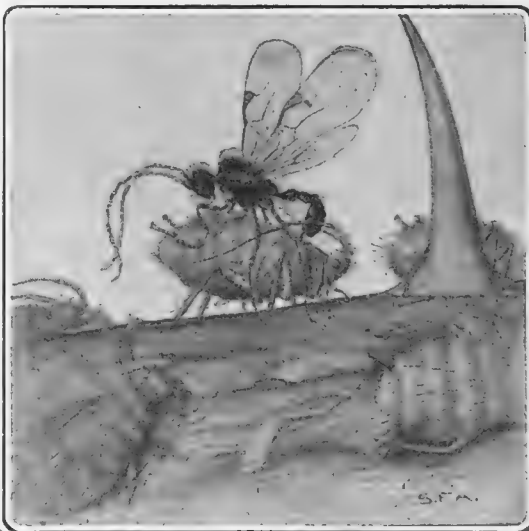
The Anticipation of Spring.

The parent partridges, whose affection is respected by reasonable men, but, I fear, ignored by cats and foxes, may remind us that shooting time, properly considered, is over, but there is ample consolation in the thought that the spring is not far away. Birds and beasts alike are conscious of its coming. Sometimes I think that the world of flowers and trees is as eager for the spring as any of us can be. Given the excuse of a couple of fine days, or at most of a week of fine weather, even in January, and you will find birds and beasts, and trees and bushes, making ready to "blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit." It requires a spell of sharp frost to dash all these hopes, one might almost say with literal truth, nip them in the bud, and I think sometimes that those of us who realise how many evil days stand between January and the spring will welcome these manifestations and try to persuade ourselves that they are justified. It is far more pleasant to be wrong with Nature than to be right with the calendar.

The January Hare. In his way the hare is almost as quick to anticipate spring as the partridge. I know that when I hear the partridges calling all over the fields, and see them running in couples, or watch two male birds fighting for possession

of the female, that if I go down into the marshes, where the hares are plentiful, I shall find them beginning the games that are popularly associated with March. A fine warm January day will set hares dancing and jumping and chasing one another in the oddest fashion imaginable, with a complete departure from their usual reticent behaviour. To see a hare jump straight up, then run away as though in a terror of pursuit, and then settle down as composedly as though he had no trouble in the world, is to understand why some country folk believe to this day that the hare goes mad at the back end of winter.

In fact, I have known one or two old country folk who held that it was distinctly unlucky to meet hares that were leaping and running in their own odd fashion.



PIG-STICKING IN MINIATURE—SEEN THROUGH A MAGNIFYING-GLASS.

With reference to this photograph, the *Scientific American* says: "The fly of the rose-aphis parasite stinging and laying its egg in the body of a rose-aphis. The plump little plant-lice look like hybrids between a verdant goat and a green pig, and they get about much like overfat swine. Their inactivity permits them to be readily attacked, and their only attempt at defence is in wagging their bodies from side to side, which sometimes for a moment disconcerts the parasite fly."

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."



THE REMOVAL OF THE ESCUTCHEON FROM THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS, MANOR HOUSE, SULGRAVE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, THE SCENE OF THE DESECRATION.

Bishop Potter is offering a reward of £160 for the recovery of a stone escutcheon which, he understands, some American relic-seeker has removed from over the entrance-door of the farmhouse in Northamptonshire which was the home of Washington's ancestors.

Photograph by the Advance Agency.



VII.—MR. G. P. HUNTLEY.

DRAWN BY G. C. WILMSHURST.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE late Sir M. E. Grant Duff had a column of obituary notice in the *Times*. He would have expected a great deal more than that at one period of his career, and perhaps even to the last, for he cherished almost pathetically the belief in his own importance and his own success in life. No doubt he did fairly well. He had a certain position in the House of Commons and in the country for a few years, though his influence went, and the door of the Cabinet never opened for him. He was made Governor of Madras as a consolation for his political disappointment, and it pleased him to think that his Governorship was a great success. This was not the opinion of competent judges. He was unpopular, and was accused of graver mistakes than perhaps he committed. But the pomp and circumstance of the Orient were thoroughly agreeable to him, and the floods of wisdom that streamed from his lips met with few of the obstacles which had vexed him in the House of Commons. Undoubtedly, however, his great success was in social intercourse. Not that he himself was a brilliant talker—he was anything but that. He was, as a rule, slow and dull, with an affectation of the grand manner which some resented. It was an affectation, however, and nothing more. For Sir Mountstuart was essentially polite and considerate. He was also a very attentive listener, and any good story he heard was immediately committed to paper. He was not, however, wont to show any special appreciation at the time.

Few men would have had the courage and fewer still the perseverance to start and carry through the long series of Diaries with which Sir Mountstuart favoured the public. They are very like the man—thin and cold, but not uninteresting, not disagreeable. They have touches, though not many, of individuality and humanity. It would not be true to say that Sir Mountstuart was a man of fine taste or of high culture or of wide reading. His defect of eyesight stood much in his way. But he loved the company of famous and brilliant people, and he knew what he liked, and was not afraid to say it. He was induced to publish, some years ago, an anthology of English poets, which was severely handled by the critics. In spite of that, it is a book of some value. There ought to be anthologies which represent the consensus of the best opinion, and there ought also to be anthologies which reflect the tastes of the individual. The value of the latter class of anthologies, of course, depends upon the individual. Mr. W. B. Yeats's selection from Irish poetry is, to my mind, a delightful book, and the best parts of it are those which Mr. Yeats has rescued from forgotten sources. It was so in a minor degree with Sir M. E. Grant Duff.

He brought to light a few poems at least that have a modest claim to remembrance.

It is by his Diaries that posterity will know him. They are very irritating in some ways. There are endless entries of this kind: "In the afternoon I opened the new drainage works for Blacktown, received an address, and spoke in reply." There is also a quantity of botanical notes about the *Cassia fistula*, and the like. But there are a few good stories, perhaps enough to make one respectable volume if chosen with a leaning to mercy. Thus there is a good

saying of Henry James. James and Grant Duff were walking on the river bank below Marble Hill when a companion, looking at the punts full of patient fishermen, said: "Since I have been here I have not seen one single fish caught." "Yes," said Henry James, with Pater in his thoughts, "it is art for art's sake — *l'art pour l'art*." Here is another story of Sir Edward Grey. Sir Edward went to have his physical powers tested by Frank Galton. His lungs were found to be superior to any which had been hitherto registered, whereupon a relative wrote to him: "I hear you are the greatest windbag known."

A good specimen of Grant Duff's critical powers will be found in an entry dated June 1896—"In the Common Room I talked with Professor Saintsbury—whose really admirable criticism of nineteenth-century writers I have been lately reading—about his strange disparagement of Byron, and equally strange, as it seems to me, over-laudation of Miss Christina Rossetti. I maintained that I could find twenty short poems by Mrs. Hemans superior to any twenty similar ones that could be selected from the writings of the no doubt gifted lady whom he placed so much above her. The only concession he would make, however, was that Mrs. Hemans' appeal—a word of which he is curiously fond—is wider." Professor Saintsbury's comment on this would be interesting and to the point.

Speaking of Mrs. Hemans, there has been some discussion as to the date of her birth. She was born at Liverpool, either in 1793 or 1794. Her sister said 1793; but Mr. Chorley, her biographer, accepted 1794. Dr. Garnett has brought forward a piece of circumstantial evidence to decide the date in favour of 1793. A recent history of Liverpool Banking mentions that the bankruptcy of the firm of Caldwell was gazetted on March 30, 1793. Among the clients was the father of Mrs. Hemans, and his furniture and assets had to be sold. At that very time the future poetess was born—a somewhat unhappy beginning of a life that was destined to be sad.

O. O.



CANVASSING IN OUR VILLAGE.

LADY CANVASSER: But what a beautiful baby!

MRS. HONGE: Well, Miss, I'm beginning to think 'e must be, for the lady with the coloured bills said just the same, and the young gent with the "'Ow to vote" papers said 'e never see such a lovely child.

Photograph by Will Cadby.

TO OBEY IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE!



MRS. DOBBS: Billy! D'y'ear? Come off that roof!
BILLY (*in mid-air*): Comin', auntie!

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MR. CARROWAY'S POSITION.

BY EDWIN PUGH.



It is odd how the news of a girl's engagement spreads, and how she at once begins to shed old lovers for whom she has no further use as naturally and painlessly as the seed-pod sheds its outer husks. At least, that was my case. Of all the men who had vowed always to be my friend, if ever I had need of them, there remained—by the time that my engagement had ceased to be an entirely new delight to me—only Mr. Ambie (short for Ambrose) Carroway; and he, as will presently be shown, continued to dangle merely because he was painfully ignorant of the change that had taken place in my condition. He called on me a few days after the proposal, and as I liked him well enough, in a way, I had him shown up. I must tell you that my *fiancé* had only just left me—indeed, the two men met on the doorstep, I believe.

As I was feeling rather hot and dishevelled when the servant announced Mr. Carroway, I thought it might help me to appear more self-possessed if he discovered me engaged in the leisurely occupation of painting flowers on satin—a nice, cool, grey satin. At his entry, I put my palette and brushes carefully aside before rising to greet him, and apologised sweetly for my messy state and also for any untidiness that might be apparent in my general aspect.

"Not at all," said he.

We exchanged the usual banalities, and he sat down. He sat down in such a portentous manner that I found myself half expecting him to produce a stethoscope. I was considerably puzzled by his demeanour. He was usually so terribly at ease.

"I say," he blurted forth suddenly, "who was that chap I met on the step? Do I know him?"

"That was Mr. Basil Cosnett," I replied.

"Odd-looking person," he remarked. "Where's he from?"

"He is from—from all over the world," I replied deprecatingly.

"He looked a bit all over the shop," said Ambie, tittering.

"I suppose you have never been to the Far West, have you?" I asked him.

"N—not exactly," said he. "But how do you mean? Earl's Court?"

"Nor to China?" I went on.

"Well, no," said he, looking somewhat surprised.

"Nor to—let me see—Brazil?"

He stared at me with a slack mouth. "Can't say I have," he replied. "Why?"

"Mr. Cosnett has," said I. "And to heaps of other places too."

He laughed unpleasantly. "You make me feel horribly inferior," he murmured. But I pointedly refrained from making the nice reply which he obviously expected from me.

"You haven't travelled much, have you?" said I.

"Oh—well—Paris, you know. And the Riviera. And so on," he said.

"Everybody goes to those places," I rejoined scornfully. And I added, "I think a man ought to travel."

A dull flush overspread his face, as he forced a smile. "Shall I travel now?" he asked, rising.

"Don't be absurd," said I, picking up my palette again. "I only meant—you don't mind if I go on working?—I only meant that travelling seems to make a man so much more interesting."

"More interesting than whom?" he demanded, with covert insolence. And yet, as I say, I used to like him, rather. But that was before he had dared to sneer at my Basil.

"Than nobody, of course," I replied indifferently. "I was speaking in a general way. What I meant was that a man who has travelled has always so much to talk about."

"I should have thought that was rather a fatiguing characteristic," he drawled.

"It would be—in a stupid person. But Mr. Cosnett is an exceedingly clever man," I retorted.

"I thought," said Ambie, "you were speaking generally."

"I'm not—now," was my curt answer; and I began to paint furiously.

There was a lengthy pause.

"Why don't you talk to me?" I asked, at last.

"I haven't travelled," he said.

"Would you like some tea?"

"Thank you," said he. "Shall I ring?"

"If you please," said I; and the spirit of mischief being still in me, I went on, teasingly, "Mr. Cosnett knows *all* about tea. Visited plantations in China and Ceylon, and saw it growing, you know."

"I believe things do grow very fast in the tropics," observed Ambie. "Saw it growing, did you say?"

This I ignored. "You mustn't think it odd if I seem to quote Mr. Cosnett a good deal," said I. "The fact is, I have seen so much of him lately."

"That reminds me," said he. "I am so sorry I could not get down here last Sunday."

"We got your wire," said I. "It didn't make any difference."

"But—but I didn't wire," he stammered. "I forgot to. I was——"

"Didn't you?" I said innocently. "I must be thinking of the time before then."

"I hope it didn't put you out at all," said he.

"Not in the least," I answered. "Mr. Cosnett was here, you see. He was most entertaining. Told us all about the Maoris. Such curious people. But I'll get him to tell you about them himself."

Ambie rose in disorder and crossed over to the window.

"What is the matter?" I inquired, with a telling inflection of surprise in my tone.

"Nothing," he snapped.

"Why have you gone all that long way off?"

Then he came and glowered down at me. I gazed up at him with pathetic eyes.

"You are not at all—nice—to-day," I pouted.

"I have the misfortune to be a contrast," said he.

"What nonsense!" I cried.

"Compared with Mr. What's-his-name——"

"Cosnett?"

"Cosnett—ah! Compared with this Cosnett fellow——"

But here I assumed an air of offended dignity.

"I hardly think you should speak of him in that way," said I—"a man to whom you have never been introduced. I hardly expected this sort of thing from *you*, Mr. Carroway."

"Nor I from you," he retorted savagely.

I felt a bit frightened. "You are very disagreeable to-day," I faltered.

"And you are—not too ingenuous, Miss Lacey."

"Now, don't let us be horrid to one another," I said brightly, and I smiled my prettiest. "I am not in the least cross with you for not coming."

"You seem to have borne my absence with positive stoicism," said he.

I bent low over my painting. When I again spoke I contrived to infuse a note of deep feeling into my voice. "I should have wondered a good deal if——" I quavered shamelessly. But it was all to punish him.

"I might have been dead," he murmured reproachfully.

"So might I," I returned.

"It was improbable, at least," said he.

"That's what I thought," I answered demurely. "And so I didn't worry."

I saw him moisten his lips—dry with rage. "It seems to me," he remarked impressively, "that our positions are not precisely similar in every respect."

I was puzzled. "No?" I queried.

"No," he repeated, with tremendous gravity.

"Wherein lies the difference?" said I.

[Continued overleaf.]

PERMIT v. WORM.



KEEPER: Hi, boy! You can't catch fish here without a permit.

Boy: Well, I'm getting on well enough with a worm!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

He sat down again. "That brings me to the object of my visit." He looked owlishly solemn.

"Am I not the object, then?" I asked lightly, contracting my brows. "You are the indirect object, of course," he replied, with ridiculous pomposity. "But it was not merely to see you that I called. That is to say—"

"I am sorry, mamma is out," was my flippant rejoinder.

"I mean," he explained, "that I called with a certain specific purpose."

"That sounds exciting, rather," said I.

He eyed me in a way that made me feel slightly uncomfortable. "It is not a very pleasant thing that I have to—say to you," he went on, clearing his throat noisily.

I was utterly mystified. Was he going to propose? I wondered. "Why say it, then?" said I.

"I must. It would be unfair to both of us to keep silence any longer."

I could not withdraw my gaze from his face. Certainly this did not sound at all like a proposal.

"I am listening," I reminded him impatiently.

But still he found a difficulty in proceeding. "May I ask you a—a question?" he blurted forth at last.

I nodded, smiling. He bent so low over me that his breath stirred my hair and tickled the back of my neck.

"How—how would you define our—our relations?" he said huskily.

"Our relations?" I repeated.

"Yes," said he. "In what relation would you say we stood to one another now?"

"I don't know what you mean," said I, laughing nervously. "What does it matter? Why?"

He lowered his voice to an irritating drone. "Has it never struck you that I stand in a somewhat ambiguous position?" he said.

I looked at him in frank amazement. "Are you being proper, Mr. Carroway?" I asked him. "If—if you mean that it isn't right for me to receive you alone like this, surely that is my affair. Papa and mamma are plain people. They don't go in for—for usages and all that rubbish. Surely you don't want to stickle for the presence of a chaperon whenever we meet?"

"Look here," he said with an air of real desperation, "don't you think it would be better for us both if I did not call here any more?"

"Of course," said I, with creditable hauteur, "if you don't wish to come —"

"But I do," he protested.

"Then why talk of not calling any more?" said I.

"Can't you see," he said, with a helpless gesture of the hands, "that—those misconceptions may arise?"

"Misconceptions!" I repeated, in genuine perplexity now.

"Yes," he nodded eagerly. "You see, we have been a good deal together, you and I. Such familiar intercourse between a man and a woman as we have enjoyed is apt to prove fatal to the peace of mind of one—at least—of the parties concerned."

Then, indeed, I perceived the whole mean, pitiful vanity of the creature. He actually thought that I was in love with him. I did not exclaim against his presumption, as I might have done, or permit him to see that I fathomed his drift at last. But any lingering disposition to spare him, any spark of compunction I may have felt toward him, died in that instant. I felt I could be quite merciless. And I was.

"I understand—now," I interposed quickly. "And I can't say how sorry I am. I—I didn't think. I have been foolish—selfish—blind! I liked you, you see. It has been entirely my fault. I feel that now, absolutely."

"No, no, it was my fault," he cried, taking my bait ravenously. "I should have effaced myself sooner."

I raised my melting eyes to his. "I am glad—so glad!—you didn't," said I. "I should have missed many joyous hours if you had. Please don't think me heartless. Pleasant memories are so precious. I shall always remember our friendship kindly, for the sake of those hours." And I choked back a most artistic sob.

"You forgive me, then?" he breathed, catching at my hand and missing it.

I lifted my head sharply, as if bewildered. "Forgive you!" I cried. "What have I to forgive?"

"You are too generous," he murmured. "You overpower me!"

"I am deeply sorry," I quavered, "if I have caused you pain. To forgive you for loving me would be too absurd. What higher honour could you pay me?"

"Believe me, I did love you sincerely," he said. "I cannot help it if I have changed. No man is master of his own heart. I—"

I was very effectively amazed. "Do you mean," I exclaimed, "that you—you don't care now?"

"Surely," said he, "you can't have misunderstood me. That is what I have been trying to say."

I hope I looked like Bernhardt as I replied slowly: "I did not understand that."

He rose. I bent my face close to the painted satin. I believe that he was beginning to wonder if, after all, he had gauged me quite accurately. I knew that his mind was fumbling helplessly after a solution of the enigma I presented to him. When my silence had lasted for what must have seemed to him an intolerable while, he spoke again, doubtfully.

"I knew you would forgive me," he sighed.

Then I sprang up, raised radiant eyes to meet his gaze.

"I am glad!" I almost shouted. "Oh, you can't tell how glad I am!"

"Glad!" he stammered foolishly.

I clasped my hands. "I have been dreading so frightfully to see you," I said. "I have been miserable in anticipation of this moment. Think what a relief it is to me to find that you don't care, after all."

Then I saw dull anger stirring sluggishly within him.

"Don't you care, either, then?" he demanded sullenly.

"Of course not," I cried, in a rapture. "I can say that now without fear of hurting you. Perhaps I did care—a little—once. Before I met Mr. Cosnett."

He scowled at me. "You almost gave me to understand—" he said, frowning.

But I interrupted him. "And we were both mistaken all the time!" I cried. "Oh, what a good job it is—isn't it?—that it doesn't matter a bit, after all. And we can still be friends. And you can congratulate me—"

I paused. He had kicked a hassock out of the way and was mumbling unintelligibly to himself.

"Come," I said, "you should be glad too."

"I am," he answered. "Of course I am. Still, I didn't think you were the sort of girl—"

"Fie!" said I, with provoking playfulness. "In our peculiar

case reproaches are surely sword-blades without handles. All you can say of me I can say of you too—and with equal justice."

"I don't believe you ever cared really," he grumbled.

"That is what I want you to believe," I retorted merrily. "Must you go really?"

I think he muttered an oath as he stooped, with a flaming face, to pick up his hat.

"Good-bye!" I said to him heartily. "I must introduce you to Basil—Mr. Cosnett. I should like you to be—you ought to be—friends."

He grinned at me spitefully, ignored my hand, said, "Good-bye, Miss Lacey," as if he were cursing me, then stalked away out of the room with disgust expressed in every waggle of his voluminous coat-tails.

THE END.



TURF NOTES: "LATEST SCRATCHINGS."

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



TO Mr. A. E. W. Mason belongs the honour of being our only actor M.P. He was returned last week for Coventry, and, appropriately, in the Liberal interest. Soon after leaving Oxford Mr. Mason went on the stage, and among the few engagements he secured in London was one at the Avenue, where he played in Mr. W. B. Yeats's one-act poetical play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," his chief associates being Mr. G. R. Foss, now the chief instructor at the Henry Neville Dramatic Academy, and Miss Winifred Fraser, who is making a great reputation in Australia. It has been generally accepted that the "slowness" of a theatrical career was the immediate cause of Mr. Mason's leaving the stage and devoting himself to literature. Two of his novels, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" and "Miranda of the Balcony," have been dramatised. In the former the author was associated in the dramatisation with Miss Isabel Bateman, and the play was produced at the Grand Theatre, Islington; while "Miranda" was produced as a play in New York four years ago. Since then Mr. Mason has written a comedy in four acts called "Marjory Strode." Before Miss Edna May went back to America last autumn it was practically decided that she should play the leading part in this when she comes to the Vaudeville in the spring, but the arrangement is likely to be altered, and some other actress may be seen in the part.

While the curtain will rise on "The Heroic Stubbs" at seven o'clock this evening at Terry's Theatre, it is well to remind the enthusiastic playgoer that this will not happen to-morrow or at any subsequent performance, as at present arranged. It would, perhaps, be too much to expect that the British public would give up its dinner for the sake of a play. The ordinary time of beginning will therefore be 8.15. It would be an interesting experiment if, in the event of a very great success, a manager elected to begin at six o'clock and finish at nine. The probability is that it would make no difference to his receipts, for if there is a play people "must" go to see, they go to see it.

Playgoers have proverbially short memories, and a comparison of the cast playing "Brother Officers" with that with which Mr. Leo Trevor's comedy was originally produced cannot help being interesting. Mr. and Mrs. Bourchier alone retain their former positions. Mr. Julian L'Estrange succeeds Mr. Allan Aynsworth, Mr. O. B. Clarence follows Mr. Charles Troode, Mr. George Trollope has the reversion of Mr. Beveridge's part, Mr. Walter Pearce of Mr. James Erskine's, Miss Kate Sergeantson fills the place which Miss Frances Ivor had, Miss Muriel Beaumont takes up Miss Dora Barton's character, and Miss Elfrida Clement Miss Florence Wilmour's.

The demand for English actors on the other side of the Atlantic shows no apparent signs of diminution, but it is not often that so happy a result in preserving the necessary atmosphere of a play is brought about as in the case of Miss Dorothy Grimston. She and her husband, Mr. B. A. Meyer, went over to America with Miss Olga Nethersole, but they have severed their connection with that actress. Miss Grimston has now been engaged by a leading New York management for an important part in a play dealing with Western life.

It has the distinctive title of "The Trancoso Trail," and Miss Grimston is to play a young English girl who goes to Mexico to find her lover. Thus, while preserving all her own national characteristics, she will strike a distinctive note among her artistic comrades, and this is by no means always the case when the play deals only with English or American life and the actors belong to the two countries.

Somehow or other an impression prevails among the theatre-going community in London that provincial pantomimes fall considerably short of those produced in London in the length of their run. How erroneous this view is may be gauged from the fact that Mr. Robert Arthur's production of "Aladdin" at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, in which Miss Ada Reeve plays the principal part, will probably continue until the end of March, for it has already established itself as a quite extraordinary success.

The death of Mr. Herman Merivale has taken from us a dramatist who achieved some notable successes. Mr. Merivale it was who wrote the perennial "Forget-me-not" and adapted "Fédora" for the English stage. Before that, he had successfully adapted "A Tale of Two Cities" under the title of "All for Her," a success which the Rev. Freeman Wills and the Rev. F. Langbridge repeated with Mr. Martin Harvey in "The Only Way"; while "The White Pilgrim," in which Mr. Hermann Vezin made a great hit, was looked upon as a strong poetical play. Mr. Merivale may be regarded, too, as the first man to adopt a system which is gaining ground—the modernising of old plays, for "The Cynic" was a modernised version of "Faust." In this Marguerite was called Daisy, Faust was Guy Faucit, and Mephistopheles was Count L'Estrange. This was subsequently turned into a novel, "Faucit of Balliol." Later on Sir Henry Irving produced "Ravenswood" at the Lyceum, while in an entirely different vein were "The Butler" and "The Don," written for and produced by Mr. Toole.

Next Sunday evening the Incorporated Stage Society will produce Ibsen's "Lady Inger of Ostrat" at the Scala, and will repeat the performance at a matinée the next afternoon.

Among those who will take part are Miss Edyth Olive and Miss Alice Crawford, Mr. Alfred Brydone, Mr. Harcourt Williams, Mr. W. R. Staveley, and Mr. Henry Ainley.

The run of "The Jury of Fate" at the Shaftesbury will be brought to an end on Friday evening next. The theatre will not, however, remain closed for long, arrangements having been made for the appearance of Mr. Nat Goodwin in Henry Guy Carlton's "The Gilded Fool," which has had a great success in America.

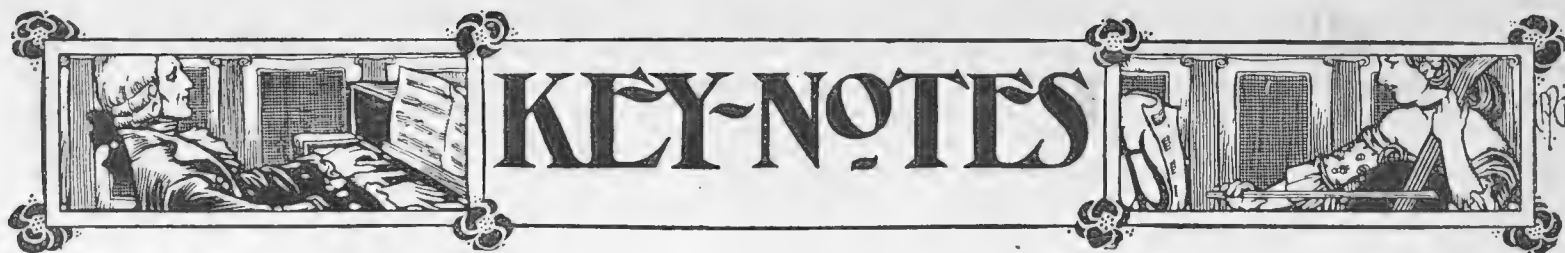
During the next week, beginning to-morrow evening, we shall have the pleasure of meeting M. and Madame Silvain at the Royalty, for they will absent themselves from the Théâtre Français of Paris in order to appear at the Théâtre Français of London. With a select company they will play in "Le Père Lebonnard," in which M. Silvain's acting has been so highly praised; in Casimir Delavigne's "Louis XI," the English version of which was used by Sir Henry Irving; in "Le Misanthrope," and in "La Femme de Tabarin," on which "I Pagliacci" was founded.



"THE BABES IN THE WOOD" AT THE CAMDEN THEATRE: MISS GLADYS HUXLEY, WHO IS PLAYING MARIAN.
Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



"CINDERELLA," AT THE CORONET, NOTTING HILL: MISS KATIE VESEY, WHO IS PLAYING PRINCE PEERLESS.
Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



THE Handel Festival, held every three years at the Crystal Palace, is always a colossal affair. And hereby hangs a tale.

In the old days, size was of small importance in either choral or orchestral work. Men met one another in quiet company, and, as Mr. Herbert Streatham once put it, a sonata composed the night before was made a matter of a day's enjoyment before the next sunset came. But in times when everything seems to depend upon a massed



LADIES OF THE BALLET AS MUSICIANS: SOME OF THE XYLOPHONE PLAYERS IN "PARISIANA," THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

group of nonentities, size is everything. Therefore the very fact of the foregathering of five hundred instrumentalists, both professional and amateur, the amateur element being selected from well-known London and provincial orchestras, seems to guarantee a high level of excellence. Mr. Frye Parker leads the orchestra, which will be conducted by Dr. Frederic Cowen.

The managers of the Festival have really adopted a fine policy by introducing a great number of novelties—novelties, inasmuch as they have not been heard at previous Handel Festivals. Perhaps one has a tendency to linger in traditions; but it seems to the present writer something of a pity that we are not to have any complete performance of "Israel in Egypt." No work written by Handel—even though a part of the score was stolen by that magnificent Arch-Robber—is so imperative in its demand for a chorus of almost preternatural size. The Festival to be held at the Crystal Palace on June 26, 28, and 30 next will be, to a large extent, indebted for the success which it doubtless will achieve to Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock and to Mr. J. H. Cozens, who is now the General Manager and Secretary.

A Pianoforte Recital given a few days ago at the Bechstein Hall proved that Miss Ethel Leginska is an artist of no mean talent. So far she has made every effort to develop the rhetorical side of her artistic character—that is to say, she plays music of an open and intelligible kind better than music which is in any degree mysterious or involved. The result was that her playing of Leschetizky's "Arabesque" was almost amazing in its virtuosity, while her playing of Chopin was scarcely up to the mark. In a word, and to sum up the whole matter, this artist is one who, with a splendid technical accomplishment, falls just a little short of the final word in music—namely, distinction in technique, accompanied by poetry of thought.

Miss Constance Baxendale and Miss Ruth Baxendale gave a Recital a few days ago at the Steinway Hall, the first singing various songs of some interest, and the second distinguishing herself by recitals. Both ladies are exceedingly gifted, and both thoroughly deserved the success with which their energetic methods were greeted. Miss Ruth Baxendale and Mr. David Beveridge acted together one of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues," finally proving that the quickness and smartness of those "Dialogues" should belong to an artistic world other than that of absolute literature. On this occasion, too, Mr. Charles A. Crabbe played the 'cello exceedingly well, and Miss Constance Baxendale joined Mr. W. Daniel Richards in Miss Liza Lehmann's duet, "Snowdrops." There were, however, certain drawbacks in the realisation of this delicate music which need not be mentioned here.

Miss Edith Parsons gave a Pianoforte Recital at the Æolian Hall some days ago, and proved abundantly that her playing goes hand in hand with real artistic accomplishment and splendid artistic practice. Like every pianist who has an ambition to succeed, she chose Chopin for one of the masters whose work she desired to interpret. Herein she was to a large extent wise, even though she can scarcely be said to have altogether succeeded in realising the full mystery and aloofness of Chopin's peculiar talent. The programme which was offered to the public included Schumann's famous A minor Sonata, written for violin and pianoforte. In this Miss Parsons was joined by Mr. Jasper Sutcliffe, who played the violin admirably. He justified himself as a public performer by playing throughout in strict tune, and by evincing a musicianly feeling which was exceedingly attractive. Miss Castelle, at the same concert, sang various songs very well indeed, her best rendering, perhaps, being that of Lotti's famous "Pur dicesti."

On the occasion of the fourth Symphony Concert given this season by the London Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, that composer's Sixth Symphony in E flat was produced for the first time. It was written "In honour of the life-work of a great artist: George Frederick Watts." If anything were needed to show how brilliant a composer is this particular musician, this symphony would certainly set the seal upon his reputation. Although one now and then accosts reminiscences of Tschaikowsky in the work, one cannot but realise that this is a very great score, one which probably will advance the reputation of Sir Charles Stanford to a very high level, even though one may remember with delight some of his early chamber-music, and also and particularly his opera, "Shamus O'Brien." There is a curious undercurrent of deep feeling combined with an elegance of expression that mark this new work as original, despite that occasional reminiscence to which we have referred. The melodious quality of the score seems to have no limitation; Sir Charles Stanford does not allow you to think that he is working a melodic idea out to the bitter end, simply because his ideas are so free, so fluent, and so numerous that one never can say that he is thinning out his thoughts because they do not come to him quickly enough.

Mr. Josef Holbrooke is publishing, through Messrs. Novello, a choral work, built upon rather a large scale and entitled "The Bells," for orchestra and an eight-part choir. Every work now issued by the pen of this extremely talented English musician must appeal naturally to the musical public of England. It is well known in all

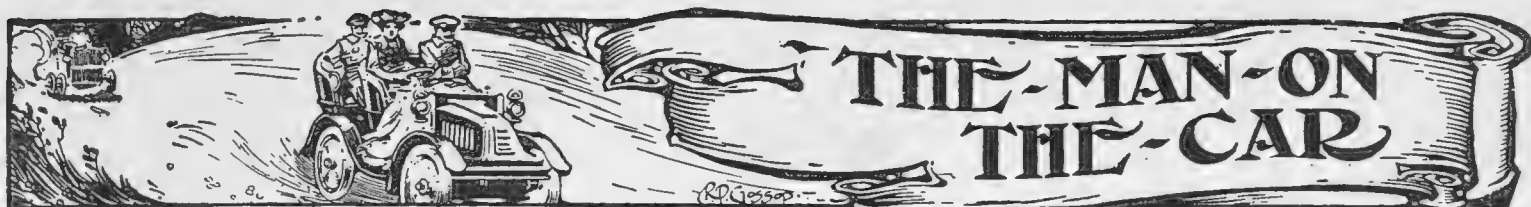


THE ECCENTRIC IN MUSIC: PLAYING THE BELLS AND THE GLOCKENSPIEL IN "PARISIANA," THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

musical circles that Mr. Holbrooke is in the vanguard of our young composers who are striving to bring this country to the level of what may be called Continental ambition. Elgar, of course, stands as representative of all that is greatest and best in modern English music; but one must remember that the younger men are attempting to show that there is in our midst a growing school of musical talent.

COMMON CHORD.



PARTY FEELING AND MOTOR-CARS—A RENAULT RING IN FRANCE—LAMPLOUGH'S 1896 ANTICIPATION—CYCLISTS DECRY ACETYLENE—HOW TO SEE PAST A HEADLIGHT—HOW TO LOCATE A MISSING CYLINDER.

MOTOR-CARS have been very much in evidence this General Election, but I question whether their owners will show indecent haste to lend them a second time. While the many-headed suffered voter-bearing broughams, landaus, dog-carts, and wagonettes to pass unheeded, the advent of a motor-car in some constituencies was the signal for the projection of all sorts of filthy missiles directed against the car and its occupants. In some cases the damage done has been so considerable that nothing short of repainting will make the car presentable again. Neither bills nor flags were allowed to remain. A doctor who drove his own car in Battersea in the interests of Mr Benn complained that he had his Union Jack and his placards torn off no fewer than three times, and he finished under bare poles. The innate conservatism of the loafer in this great city is a truly wonderful thing.

The French makers, unlike our own, are always ready to unite in defence of their home industries, and it is clearly this clannishness which is at the bottom of the general admission of the validity of the Renault broken-shaft direct-drive patent. Our good friends across the Channel are more than seriously alarmed at the favour which such cars as the six-cylinder Napier, the F.I.A.T., the Itala, to say nothing of the Mercédès, are finding within their borders, and as little doubt is felt that chain must ultimately give way to direct gear-drive, they are entrenching themselves behind this alleged master-patent. A similar thing has been done with regard to a crank-bracket patent in the United States, and the French automobile manufacturers have not been slow to take a leaf out of the Yankee book. There is a little home defence, and a suggestion of a ring also, about their action, for the older makers are beginning to realise that they are quite thick enough on the land already, and if their export trade should shrink, there would ensue some terribly cutting competition within the confines of the Republic.

The gear made by Mr. Lamplough, of the Albany Manufacturing Company, and fitted to a steam-car in 1896, effectually anticipates the Renault claims in this country, so that we are not likely to be overridden by a French-held master-patent. It is suggested, however, that a prominent motorist is possessed of rights to all the past and future patents of the

Mercédès and De Dion firms, and that many British makers may be found to be infringing and to be liable for the payment of royalties. I fancy that those who anticipate such complications are emulating the deeds of Finucane, the water-sifter, for the only patent so held which might have worked trouble was that for the Mayback carburetter, which was upset by the Automobile Trades' Protection Association and by Butler's anticipation.

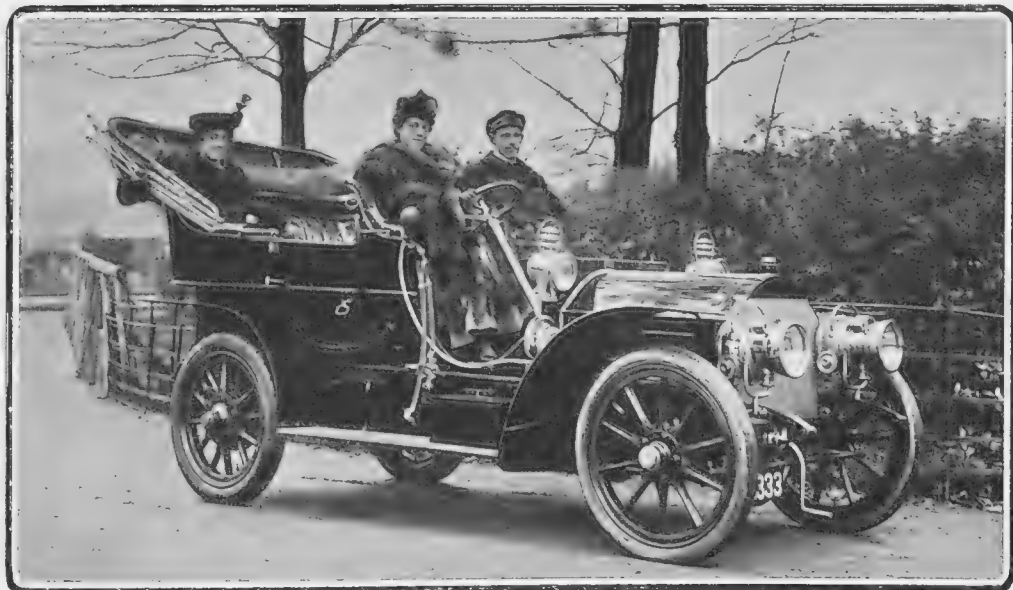


"THE HERO OF HASTINGS": MR. HARVEY DU CROS, WHO GAINED A SEAT FOR HIS MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION BY 413 VOTES.

Mr. Harvey Du Cros, who gained a Unionist victory at Hastings, is quite the hero of the Opposition. It is hardly necessary to say that he is the well-known motorist, and he is here shown sitting on the front of his car, a position he adopted while canvassing in order that he might be able to alight quickly.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

them, look straight ahead and well to the left of the offside lamp, they would find that they are hardly dazzled at all, and can see quite well enough past the approaching vehicle. It is rather absurd, to say the very least of it, to behave in a moth-like manner and then abuse the light.



A "STAR" WHO IS TO RECEIVE £5,000 FOR A NINE-WEEKS' ENGAGEMENT IN JOHANNESBURG: MISS ADA REEVE ON HER 25-30 H.P. ARIEL.

Miss Ada Reeve, who is now playing Aladdin at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, was to have presented "Moll the Rogue" in London at Easter, but has abandoned her intention in order to play for nine weeks at the new variety theatre at Johannesburg, which is to be opened in May. For this engagement Miss Reeve will receive £5,000.

The Cyclists' Touring Club and the National Cyclists' Union have sought to impress upon Parliamentary candidates the urgent necessity for veiling the beams of the acetylene head-lights carried by motor-cars, chiefly on the ground that their effulgence is inconvenient to the wheelman. The bodies referred to have apparently altogether lost sight of the fact that the section of road-users whose desires they pretend to voice was the first to introduce the use of acetylene lamps upon the high-road, and that a large proportion of the lamps carried upon bicycles in which this illuminating gas is burnt are quite as bewildering and annoying to horse-drivers and foot passengers as are the motorist's lights to cyclists.

It must be admitted, of course, that the rays thrown forward by two properly focussed head-lights burning acetylene gas are very brilliant and somewhat disconcerting if gazed into end on. But if in lieu of staring straight into these lamps, and cursing them the while, horse-drivers, cyclists, and foot passengers would, upon meeting

Turning over the pages of a book of instructions issued by an English firm of automobile makers lately, I happened upon a very obvious but very infrequently applied tip for the discovery of a non-firing cylinder in an engine unprovided with compression taps, and fitted with high-tension distributed ignition. With such an engine you cannot ring the changes on the four tremblers, because there is but one, and that common to all the cylinders, so you are recommended to feel the sparking-plugs. The cold or coolest one will be in the jibbing cylinder.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

A CROSS-COUNTRY JOCKEY—THE SPRING HANDICAPS—POLITICS AND SPORT.

I AM very glad to see that Arthur Nightingall is riding again, and I hope he will have a mount in the Grand National. It will be remembered that he was one of two selected to ride Moifaa last year. Birch was not available, but Dollery had the ride, after all, and a very uncomfortable one it was, as the horse cut up badly in His Majesty's colours. Arthur Nightingall is one of the most successful jockeys we have over the Aintree course. His victories on Ilex and Why Not are well known. It was in 1890 that the first-named, who was owned by Mr. George Masterman, won, and the day the weights came out Arthur's father told me that the horse would win if he got in with anything under 10 st. 9 lb. As a matter of fact, the horse was allotted 10 st. 5 lb., and he won easily, to the joy of all Epsom. The following week I ran a horse at Croydon on the very last day of the old Woodside Meeting, and Arthur rode the winner for me. Before dressing for the race he asked my friend Tom White to look after a cheque for £1,000 for him, saying that it was a present he had just received from Mr. Masterman for riding the winner of the Grand National. Strange to add, Arthur, at the end of the day's racing, returned to Epsom and forgot all about his cheque, which he did not get until the following day. This was a very big present, although not the biggest that has been received for riding a Grand National winner, for it is said Mr. Morrison gave P. Woodland £3,000 for riding Drumcree to victory in 1903. Arthur Nightingall was born in 1866. He had his first mount on Pilfer in the Howdean Plate at Lewes in 1882, in which his father also had a mount—on Stuart. His first winning mount was Bonny King Charley at Alexandra Park in 1883. The horse started at 100 to 1 against, but was returned at 10 to 1. Arthur then put on weight, and rode under N.H. rules, securing his first steeplechase on Struanite at Sandown Park in December 1884. His successes after that were very numerous, and far too numerous to detail. Besides riding winners of the Grand National, Arthur has ridden in the Derby. He steered St. Maclou in the Blue Riband of 1901, but the horse did not finish in the first ten behind Volodyovski.

The weights will be published in a day or two for the majority of the spring handicaps, and speculation then will take a wide range,

out of the race at the eleventh hour. As a Royal Hunt Cup winner, Csardas is not likely to be let in with a feather-weight. He is a very fast horse when well; but I think Joe Cannon has had some trouble with him. Vedas, who is now leased by Lord Derby from Lady Meux, will get very nearly top weight,



AN UNEXPECTED BREAK: THE END OF A GAME OF BILLIARDS IN THE WATER.

Photograph by Bolak.

on account of his class. The Two Thousand winner has a pain in his temper, and is the sort of horse to let severely alone until he has done something to redeem his character. Another unreliable animal is Whitechapel, and when he wins I am afraid I shall not be on him. Horses that do well in the Cambridgeshire often repeat the performance at Lincoln, and Velocity, if started on the Carholme, will not want for backing. A great tip at Newmarket for the race is Rievaulx, who is owned by Sir Edgar Vincent. He won at Doncaster last September, and according to many local men he would have won several more races if he had run up to his home form. Rievaulx, if leniently treated, is very likely to be a good favourite. Some fairly good-class horses will run for the City and Suburban. St. Amant, as a winner of the Derby, is very likely to be top weight, which may not stop him should he take it into his head to run. Several people have been watching for Sir Daniel, who was backed for the Royal Hunt Cup, and finished down the course. Then we have Thrush and Song Thrush, two good performers, while the Newmarket division are not likely to let Best Light run loose if the weight suits. Among the three-year-olds engaged is The White Knight, a colt that has been talked about for the Derby. The Jubilee Stakes will to a very great extent be discounted by the City and Suburban, and backers are not likely to touch the Kempton event until after the Epsom Spring Meeting.

I think myself that sport might well be kept apart from politics, and the various leagues that try to teach the voters how to vote at General Elections could easily find a better means of getting rid of their money. It is a well-known axiom that all are equal on the turf and under it, and it would be a bad thing for the sport of kings if Liberals and Conservatives alike did not participate in it. We find leading Tory owners and leading Liberal owners, but we do not find these gentlemen taking sides when trying to alter and improve the laws of racing. At the same time, I am tempted to say that in my opinion racing thrives better when a Liberal Government is in power than it does when the Conservatives are at the helm. Take the last six years: the sport has suffered terribly owing to many of its chief supporters being away at the wars.

It is the bookmakers and the clubs that suffer so badly when the rich officers are on foreign service. We want good men of both shades of political opinion to join in our noble sport, and we must run our show under the no-politics banner if it is to be a complete and continuous success.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our Second "City Notes" page.



BILLIARDS IN THE WATER: A GAME IN PROGRESS.

Photograph by Bolak.

although I think owners are not likely to put their commissions into the market until close on the day for the decision of the race. Already some speculation over the Lincoln Handicap has taken place on the Continent. Csardas appears to be a favourite of the little punters. He was well backed last year, only to be struck

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SEMI-INCREDIBLE as it may appear to the masculine understanding, politics and perorations have practically driven dress into the background of women's minds for the past three weeks. Everybody one knows has been flying about in motors owned or borrowed, canvassing hard and using the most unheard-of arguments to "blarney" the British voter into the way he should go. One instance which came under my immediate observation is an amusing example of the glorious principles animating the British working-man, soul and spirit. Turning out of some mews where we had forcibly captured four wavering Radicals and brought them to a Unionist frame of mind, we coaxingly approached a sweep living round the corner for support. "I'll tell you what it is, Mum," quoth this sooty Saxon to the owner of our chariot. "If you'll give me a drive in that 'ere motor, I'll give ye my vote, though it's as good as belonging to the other side." "Come in, beloved friend and brother," we entreated, and straightway I whisked this black pearl off to the polling booth. He confided on the way that when the House of Lords was done away with, he hoped to set up a private locomotive of his own. Perhaps he will. Meanwhile, on our side the day ended with a Turkish bath. Yet, how blame specimens of such light and learning when their only guides are newspapers from which they draw such opinions as would subvert all order, law, and authority? Take this sentence from a series of articles running through a widely read daily—written by one, too, who has himself been a labouring man in early days, and naturally sympathises hotly with his cause: "There has been too much authority in the world. I do

if the divinely appointed laws of wisdom and order could ever be set aside on this little planet for all the talk of all the malcontents who ever existed!

Many doctors have many remedies, as we know; but one infallible recipe for the British working-man, over whose case we are all arguing so hard, presents itself in the following prescription of three



A TEA-GOWN IN EMPIRE STYLE.

not say that all authority should go at once, but I do say there should be a steady moving towards the ideal of doing away with authority altogether. No man can rule another without hurt to the development of the individuality of both," and so on, and so on, and so on. As



[Copyright.]

AN EARLY SPRING TAILOR-MADE.

items, which, where tried, has never been known to fail—Industry, Thrift, and Sobriety. Its results are apparent in at least three Continental countries—France, Germany, and Belgium—where practical economy and comparative absence of poverty are admitted facts. If we talked less, saved more, and drank no intoxicants, there would be no need for unemployed processions, Labour members, or Socialistic sentiments in or out of print; and to the lawmakers of our present régime the opportunity is now given of applying this panacea by example and precept. If they can secure its gradual acceptance, England will have no reason to regret the present upheaval of the "First Club in England."

It is not, returning to our frivolities, dress alone that has suffered from the recent political activity. The serious matter of Bridge has actually had to sit aside, and I found lately that one could make mistakes with more impunity than before, since the angry passions of one's partner were diverted for the moment to the crimes of these constituents or those. And as for one's club! Every corner buzzed with white-hot eloquence and argument, and every one of the thirty-six clubs which shelter lovely woman only was a very battlefield strewn with former friendships done to death by the elections. Dinner-parties, too, were a snare. I admired a fascinating blue frock one evening last week, and certain of the men congratulated its wearer on her successful achievement of Mr. So-and-So's colours. "Pardon me," she said, with flashing eyes, "we are entirely on the other side, so you may consider my dress in this house an unfortunate

inadvertence." I was doubly confounded, and made up what mind was left me to dine out no more until everybody was carefully caged in the Commons.

With London in the rivers of rain and morasses of mud which the violent deluges of the past few days have given us it is difficult to keep oneself immaculate, particularly at the heels, where mud has a habit of accumulating. The only satisfactory method so far discovered is the short tailor-frock, which, if well cut and carefully built, achieves a suitably smart altogether for London in rain and liquid mud. Of course, nothing achieves the grace of the long plain skirt in which we at present delight, and of which a very satisfactory example is presented on our pages this week. The frock in question is a smoke-grey, with belt, cuffs, and collar of velvet in a darker shade. A hat, very much elevated and bedecked with thick curling feathers, is worn to match. There is no doubt that the Empire tea-gown as shown is an improvement on the ordinary shape which opens down the front to the feet, and is to my mind too reminiscent of one's dressing-gown. Rich Chinese embroideries give effect to the soft silk of which it is composed, and the whole style is at once decorative and comfortable—both essential conditions of the successful tea-gown.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GADABOUT.—There is a little speed-register sold by Smith and Son, of 9, Strand, which may suit your purpose. I saw it advertised the other day as having a mileage register up to 10,000 miles, so you could keep an account of your goings and comings thereby. 2. It is by no means too late to buy fur. In the erratic course of nature as applied to an English spring, we have not had our cold weather yet.

PAULINE.—Woollen underclothing may not be so picturesque, but it is infinitely better than lace and silk fallals, and if you suffer from chills it is a question of common-sense and sanity *versus* that of Valenciennes and vanity. So your mother is quite right. You ought to use Wincarnis, too. I hear its praise from everyone who has taken it as a tonic and blood-maker.

I. L.—I think you will lose your bet. Though not an authority on china, I know that old Capo de Monte was white and the modern is usually coloured, and in high relief. The old is rare and valuable, but the modern fetches very high prices too.

SYBIL.

"NERO," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

HIS MAJESTY'S is placing the newspaper man in much the same position as he has been placed by Drury Lane. It has become a necessity, that is to say, for him to remark, as production succeeds production, that nothing better or more gorgeous has been seen at Mr. Tree's theatre. "Nero," it is safe to say, will eclipse, in its mounting and its dressing, anything that Mr. Tree has presented. Not only is everything to be on the most lavish scale, but it is to be as accurate as patient and erudite research can make it. The costumes, which we are able to reproduce on other pages of this number, are from the designs of Mr. Percy Macquoid, R.I. The costumes for the men have been made by Messrs. B. J. Simmons, Covent Garden; the ladies' dresses by the wardrobe department of the theatre.

If all goes well at home and abroad, the King will cross over to Calais about the 20th of March next. He will go through Paris to the Riviera without stopping, and after spending about a fortnight at Cannes, will embark on the *Victoria and Albert*, and, escorted by several men-of-war, will go to Greece for the Olympic Games, which begin at Athens on April 15, and in which a number of English athletes will take part. But a good deal will depend on the state of politics, for the King will not leave England unless everything is going perfectly smoothly.

One cannot help wondering who will replace "Labby" and "Tommy Bowles," from the wit point of view, in the new Parliament.

Bitter jesting will always have its place. Mr. Chamberlain is himself an adept at that kind of sparring, but it will be a pity if the great Victorian jesters of the House leave no successors. No gathering is quicker to seize an unexpected point, and the wise M.P. is as careful as the playwright in giving no loophole for the raising of a shout of laughter when a very serious subject is under discussion. A case in point was the dull member who was surprised to find "I represent a very dense constituency" received with titters which broadened into a roar when an apt colleague was heard to murmur, "Obviously a striking case of natural selection!" During this bitterly fought contest, no one that I notice has recalled the prettiest of all election tales—Thackeray meeting his rival face to face and exclaiming, "Well, all I can say is, Let the best man win!" And the other's graceful retort, "I hope *not*, Sir!"

One of the most amusing plays in Paris is called "Triplepatte," and recounts the adventures of an undecided young man. On the day of his marriage he failed at the rendezvous, and had to be dragged to the "mairie" in garments that suggested a bathing-suit. Even then he could not make up his mind, and returned an equivocal answer to M. le Maire when he posed the fatal question. Triplepatte had only dreamed of matrimony because his debts compelled him to think of a *beau parti*. Very much the same sort of thing has occurred in real life in the joyous capital of France. A young gentleman of La Vendée was borne down with a weight of debts. He decided that he must sacrifice his bachelorhood on the altar of a big *dot*. But, unfortunately, attached to the big *dot* was a young person, the daughter of a notary public, who was plain—extremely plain. As long as the young man thought of the money-bags, he was resigned; but when he allowed his fancy to dwell upon the features of *la future*, then he was a lost man. When the wedding was twenty-four hours off, he ran away to Paris. His prospective father-in-law took the unusual course of pursuing him. He tracked him to a music-hall on the Boulevards, where he was enjoying himself furiously to the tune of much champagne and feminine laughter. The father-in-law became infected with the mad riot, and was lost too. Neither of them has been heard of for days by the anxious townspeople.

A few nights ago Mlle. Genée, most delightful of dancers, and no less charming as a hostess, celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday with a very successful little supper-

party to a few intimate friends. Gatti's was chosen for the function, and the management rose to the occasion, providing the hostess with as charmingly arranged a supper-room as ever London saw, the scheme of table-decoration being worked out in violets. A late licence was, of course, necessary, for the company did not assemble before midnight, and it must have been half-past one in the morning when one of the regular contributors to *The Sketch* rose to propose the health of the great dancer. When the gaily decorated room, with its messages of welcome worked in real flowers on the walls, was left behind, even the January darkness could not hide the fact that daylight was only an hour or so away. Malini, that most extraordinary manipulator of cards, provided the sensation of the evening. He completely baffled a company of which the most part had been accustomed to stage tricks and devices for years. There was something almost superhuman and quite uncanny about the extraordinary tricks that he performed with a certainty that took one's breath away. Malini's accomplishments are the talk of London just now, but had he brought them to London a hundred years or so ago it is long odds that he would have paid the penalty of his cleverness with his life and would have been condemned to death for a wizard.



A YOUNG ACTRESS WHO IS TOURING IN MR. WILLIAM GREET'S "TALK OF THE TOWN" COMPANY: MISS NATALIE GRANT.

Photograph by Ruddock.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 6.

THE Bank Return is encouraging, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities has risen by over 9 per cent. The strengthening of the Bank's position has operated favourably on all high-class stocks, and would have had more effect but for everybody being busy with the elections.

The result of the polls has not made much difference in prices except in the Brewery department, where many stocks are practically unsaleable. We know of one broker who on Friday last found orders to sell three separate lots of Brewery stock among his morning's letters, but could get no price, although it is not very long ago that a free market existed in each case. Everybody expects that the new Government will punish the Brewers, and until a little more is known of the nature and scope of the anticipated new legislation it will be difficult to find buyers adventurous enough to risk their money.

ELECTRICAL RAILWAYS.

Amongst the most interesting of the Railway results must be put those of the various Companies which are working with electrical power. The Metropolitan was the first important line to make known its results for the latter half of 1905, and in its case the reduced dividend can only be paid by the aid of a draft on the reserve. This, however, counts for little in the transition stage through which the Metropolitan Company is passing. The City and South London line is only just beginning to recover from the severe strain caused by the competition of the County Council trams, but the outlook is now brighter, and the acceptance of the chairmanship by the Right Hon. C. B. Stuart-Wortley has been welcomed as a happy omen by City and South London stockholders. On the District Railway Sir George Gibb's influence will not be much noticed until the next six months' results are announced. The traffic is dense, but Mr. Yerkes committed a grave error in equipping the electrified line with rolling-stock of the cheapest, most common description. Compared with the carriages on the Metropolitan Railway, those of the District are mere matchboxes, and the difference will be felt when considerations of wear-and-tear come into play. The Central London has a new form of competition to face in the coming spring and summer, for the motor omnibuses were neither so numerous nor so much appreciated in 1905 as they are now. But the traffic of the Metropolis seems to be great enough to fill all the facilities of locomotion offered it; even District stock would be worth buying—which at present it isn't—if the capital account were put upon a sound, sane foundation.

THE PRODUCTION OF ZINC AT BROKEN HILL.

The importance to Broken Hill Mining Companies of the solution of the "zinc problem" can hardly be overrated. Up till now the prosperity or depression of these mines has depended entirely upon the price of the two metals, lead and silver. Now that it is possible to extract from the tailings the large percentage of zinc which they contain, a third factor is introduced which will tend to give much greater stability to the earnings of the various Barrier Companies. At the time of writing the price of spelter or zinc is £27 12s. 6d., and the lowest price touched in 1905 was £23 7s. 6d. per ton, while consumption has expanded considerably. With regard to the probable future movements of the metals, if we may trust the annual review of the metal market published in the *Times* of the 15th, there is little chance of much lower rates ruling.

The three Companies to which the production of zinc is of the greatest importance are the Broken Hill Proprietary, the Sulphide Corporation, and the Zinc Corporation, which has acquired the tailings of almost all the remaining Companies. The Broken Hill Proprietary Company is now treating from 4,000 to 5,000 tons of zinc tailings weekly, and it is understood that this plant is to be doubled. At a moderate computation, the Company should be making £1 per ton profit, with metals at their present prices, and this is profit altogether outside and in addition to its profits from the production of silver and lead. The proprietary Company has 2,500,000 tons of tailings in reserve, which are being added to at the rate of about 10,000 tons a week. The Sulphide Corporation is also a considerable producer of zinc-concentrates, and has over 1,200,000 tons of tailings in reserve. The Zinc Corporation is not yet a producer; but large works are to be erected, which, it is said, will be capable of treating 2,000 tons of tailings daily. There is, of course, the fear that all this increase of production may affect the price; but, on the other hand, it should be remembered that the world's consumption is about 600,000 tons annually, and that it is increasing. There has been a moderate reaction in the price of spelter and lead since the beginning of the year, but the outlook is quite satisfactory. Broken Hill Proprietary and North Broken Hills, to which I referred recently, are good purchases for the large dividends they will pay, while the shares of the Zinc Corporation and of the Sulphide Corporation are attractive speculations.—Q.

Jan. 19, 1906.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

Several of the important dividend announcements have now made their appearance, and the Home Railway market enjoys rather more

animation, though it is still difficult to get a close price in dealing with more than a small amount of stock. It is rather noticeable, by the way, that the prophets who went so exhaustively into dividend estimates early this month are somewhat silent at the present time. Of course, what continues to militate against public favour being largely extended to Home Rails is the competition of other fixed-interest securities, quite as high-class as Home Railway stocks, which pay rather more interest on the money, the improved dividends notwithstanding. It is not too much to hope, however, that the trade of the country will continue to expand in such a manner as to permit of the increase in dividends being further improved upon, and therefore the purchase at current prices (which include the distributions) will be rewarded by steadily rising quotations. This expression, however, must not be taken as commendation, direct or indirect, of the call option system beloved (for obvious reasons) by the average bucket-shop. Our opinion is that Home Rails will advance steadily and gradually, with little spectacular effect. Money fluctuations are likely to rank on the side of the bulls, and the upholding of Free Trade principles—apart from all question of policy—makes for a stability in the growing prosperity of national commerce that could not have been expected at first had the Protectionists received the country's mandate to tinker with its tariffs.

TWO USEFUL INDUSTRIALS.

In these columns we have, on several occasions, recommended the shares of the John Wright and Eagle Range Company. These shares pay, and have paid for five years, 20 per cent., and the profits have steadily increased. The business is one of the soundest in the Midlands, and Birmingham is the best market in which to buy and sell the shares. The price is about 61s. for the pound share, at which a return of well over 6 per cent. is yielded to the investor. On one occasion (in 1902) a bonus of 10s. was also paid out of the reserve and unappropriated profit balance, and the shareholders elected to accept this bonus in Ordinary shares. It is not probable that this will be repeated; but it is not impossible that the unissued capital of £8000 might be offered to the shareholders at such a price as to make it attractive. It is needless to point out that this class of industrial is by no means free from the risks of trade; but a return of over 6 per cent. is not to be obtained without some valid reason, and when a well-established and sound business offers such an opportunity, it is well to call attention to the chance. The report for 1905 will be issued next month, and buyers will get the dividend.

The other Company to which we would call attention is the Eadie Manufacturing Company, with a subscribed capital of £142,000. The business, which originally had to do with bicycles, has increased by leaps and bounds since the motor-car came among us. The financial year ends on Aug. 31, and for 1904 12½ per cent. was paid, for 1905 20 per cent., and we hear the Company is doing better than ever

before. The shares are to be bought at about £2 each; Birmingham is the best market; and although more speculative than those of the John Wright Company, they appear an attractive investment, yielding a good return and with considerable room for increase in value.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Yankees are the only things worth watching," said The Stroller. "Let's go and have a look at them."

He and a friend were standing in Aldwych looking at the various election devices, and the friend laughed as they turned away.

"What's your amiable complaint?" Our Stroller asked.

"It amuses me to see the powerlessness of the Press upon any great national question."

"You mean—?"

"Well, I'm a Unionist myself, although I can't say I'm very sorry to see the other side is going to have a show. But look at the newspapers that support Mr. Balfour or Chamberlain, and look at the way we've been licked, after all."

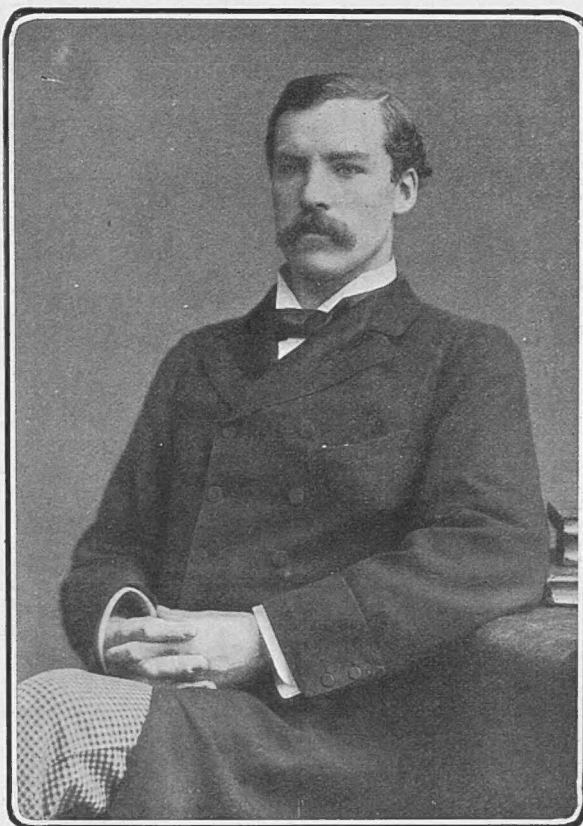
"The *Times*, of course, is Unionist, and so are the *Telegraph* and the *Standard*."

"Not to mention the *Morning Advertiser*, *Post*, *Daily Mail*, *Express*, *Pall Mall*, *St. James's*, *Globe*—"

"Fleet Street seems to inspire you, *amico mio*."

"And the Liberals haven't had a solitary penny paper in the morning until the *Tribune* came out a few days ago. And then there are the *Westminster* and the *Star* at night."

"It's a tremendous whack in the eye for the Unionist papers. But F. C. Gould has done prodigies to help the Liberals to win, with his cartoons, don't you think?"



THE RIGHT HON. C. B. STUART-WORTLEY, C.B., CHAIRMAN OF THE CITY AND SOUTH LONDON RAILWAY COMPANY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

"He's an old Stock Exchange man, I believe. Mind your coat."

The hansom dropped them at Throgmorton Street's western end; Shorter's Court was full, a vociferously noisy throng.

"Records? Bless your soul, we break records every day and think nothing of it," said a dealer. "Trader?"

"No, thanks. My merchant always wants to buy at the lower price and sell at the top."

"Common complaint, I am told," laughed the jobber. "There's no stopping this market, you know. After you with that lucifer."

"The man never has a match," growled the other. "Never knew such a chap."

"I know lots," was the affable retort. "That's the way that Yankees go," and he pointed to the blazing vesta.

"And that's the way they'll fizzle out, my son. You can put your bottom dollar on it."

"Après moi le deluge, and I'm a bull. At present I see no necessity for booking a berth in the Ark."

"Noah do I," put in a solemn-faced man. Nobody noticed. He sighed quietly and continued smoking.

"The crash must surely come before long?" hazarded The Stroller.

"Long way off yet. Here, Cockie, looking for me? Is it many shares?"

The Stroller and his companion were pushed incontinently down a few stairs that apparently led to some nether regions.

"Come and look round," he proposed, picking up his hat.

The crowd of boys at the bottom of the flight of stairs made way for them, and they gazed inquisitively at the long row of private telephone boxes. Each moment the noise grew noisier and the heat hotter.

Both the friends made for fresh air as soon as possible.

The Cable Companies' boys, slippery as eels with long usage to squirming through dense crowds, were particularly active.

"Those little beggars—" "Poor chaps!" said the man addressed.

"They're used to it. Those little beggars aren't a bad guide to New York's being busy," a broker observed.

"New York's always busy," returned the bystander, booking a bargain. "Hundred Steel, anybody? Or two?"

"Going better, you know, these blessed things," was the first speaker's comment. "There's no holding down the lid of the jug now."

"Maddish sort of gamble, though. Baltimore! Baltimore! B. and O.!"

"Oh, dry up!" exclaimed the solemn-faced man testily. "We know you've the voice of a giant. Why try to B. an' O-gre?"

He disappeared rapidly.

"Facetious!" sniffed The Stroller. "Come further down the Street."

"Want to deal in Anas?" asked a jobber near to whom they anchored.

"What are they? No, not the price. I mean—"

"Oh, a copper property, of course. Sorry. I took you for a pair of brokers."

"Pray don't mention it. We are flattered," returned The Stroller. "Are these Annies going better?"

"Anas," the other corrected him. "Short for Anacondas, of course. Well, they've caught a New York bear pool out of them, and—" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"I see," said the sagacious Stroller. "Boom might collapse at any minute. Thank you," and they were whirled by a mail-van on to the kerb.

"Kaffirs be for ever and ever—"

"Steady, old man! The market will come one of these days, but not yet."

"Nor never," was the emphatic reply.

"The double negative is unconsciously truthful."

"Don't be a fool."

"There's no necessity while you're about. Ah! Would you?"

"I'm going to chuck the Kaffir Circus," declared another dealer. "Broken Hills are my mark."

"They speak very well of North Broken Hills. Not likely to be ruined by the coming of the Liberals, either."

"Norths are worth having on their merits alone," put in a third, with an attempt at cynicism.

"Glad I'm not a bull of Protection," said the second. "Beh—eye Jove!"

"These Labour-ers won't do us any good," the first added.

"Labour! Pooh! The very name's an anomaly. The men who want to make their fellows do less work are called the Labour Party! J'ever hear of anything so ridiculous?"

"Might as well have a Labour Party of men in the Stock Exchange who've got nothing to do," Our Stroller suggested.

The language—

(Not this week. City Editor, *Sketch*).

Saturday, Jan. 20, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ENQUIRY.—Your question must refer to Corporations taking money for a fixed term of years on deposit or mortgage, and not to the purchase of municipal securities on the market. The interest should run from the clearing of the cheque, not from its receipt.

S. C. A.—The shares are quoted at about 13s., but there is not a free market, and sale is a matter of negotiation. You might get 13s. 3d. for them, and, in case you wish to sell, we can put you in touch with Irish brokers who can do the business.

SPEERO.—The Chinese Company shares are a speculation. No dividend has ever been paid. You might buy the shares of John Wright and Eagle Range Company, Limited, at about 6s., to pay you over 6 per cent., or the Ordinary stock of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Company, to pay 5 per cent. We consider this a very sound investment.

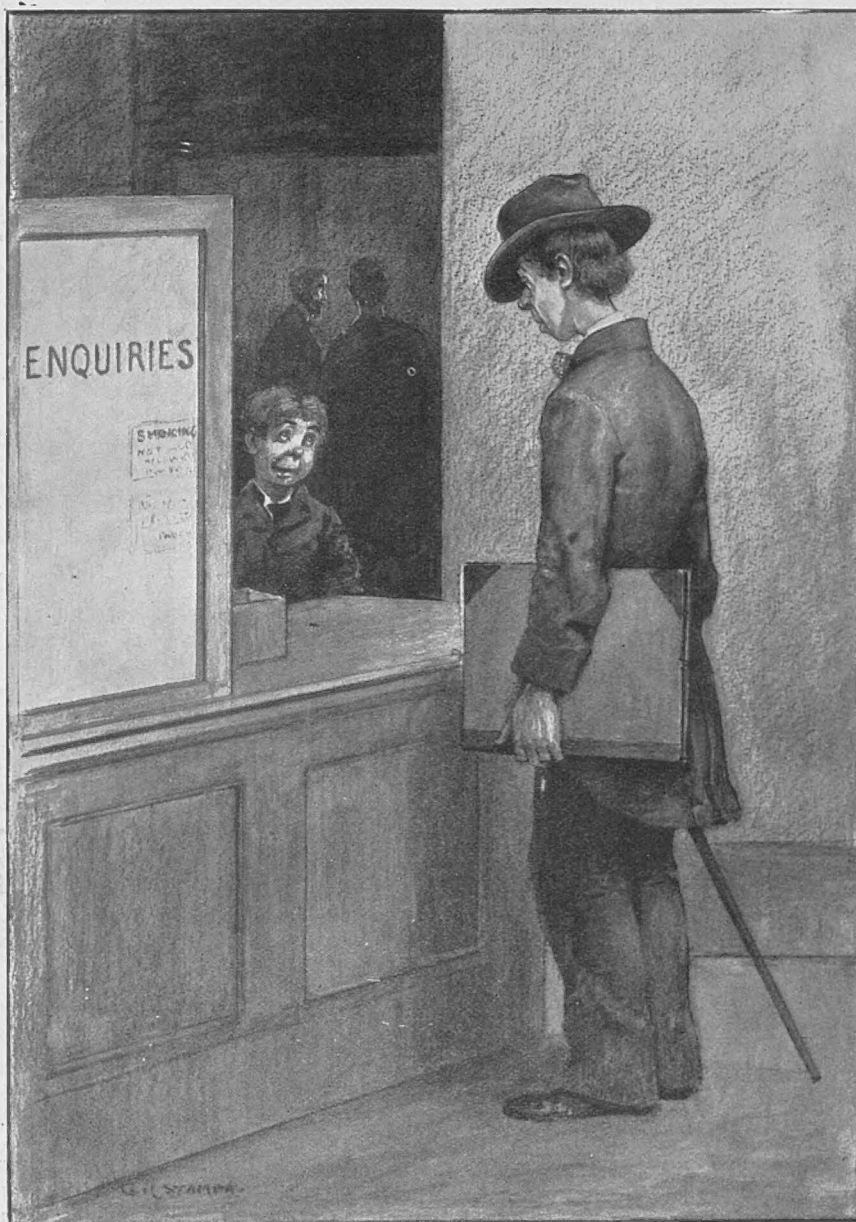
G. H. P.—The Anglo-Transvaal shares are a gamble pure and simple. They were, and are still, a market tip, for what that is worth. You might buy (1) Gwalia Consolidated at over $\frac{1}{2}$; (2) Associated G. M. of Western Australia; (3) Broomassie Mines or Fanti Consols; (4) Sulphide Corporation or North Broken Hills.

FLAT.—We do not remember ever recommending the mining shares you name, as we never had any special information. The returns are certainly bad at present.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Sport under National Hunt Rules will now begin to wake up. At Windsor the following should go close: Borough Steeplechase, Kepler; Slough Hurdle Race, Boycott; Athens Steeplechase, Aidance. At the Tenby Meeting I think the following will run well: Cresselly Steeplechase, Noble Lad; Tenby Hurdle Race, Ravensheugh; and Deer Park Steeplechase, Edie Violet. The best sport of the week will be seen at Lingfield, when some of the following may win: Stayers Hurdle-Race, Gallop On; New Year Steeplechase, Hallgate; Holly Steeplechase, Lucky Alice; Eden Vale Hurdle Handicap, Jannaway; Tandridge Court Hurdle-Race, Scotch Demon; Weald Steeplechase, Dam; Hammerwood Steeplechase, Decorated.

P.S.—By the death of Sir James Miller, Bart., racing loses a staunch patron.



THE ARTIST: Can the Editor see me now, do you think?

THE SHARP BOY: No! O' course not!—e's in 'is room, and got the door shut.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.